

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE COMTE DE JARNAC.

THE Comte de Jarnac has published a very valuable article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the late Sir Robert Peel. From the frequent intercourse which he had with that statesman, from the lengthened period that he passed in England during Sir Robert's career, few persons were in a position to form a juster or more accurate opinion on the merits of Sir Robert's political life.

In much of the eulogy which the Comte de Jarnac bestows on Sir Robert Peel few would hesitate to acquiesce. That he was endowed with transcendent ability; that by his influence and authority very many beneficial legislative measures were carried; that he was a great orator (though hardly one of the greatest); that he was ambitious to contribute to his country's welfare; and that to all this was added a truly virtuous private life, with a heart prompt to perform generous and noble actions; is what every one must be willing to affirm—but all this may be true, and yet his career as a statesman may not only not be worthy of approbation, but may have been more fraught with injury than with benefit to the nation whose destinies he long ruled, and which, at all times during his long political life, he materially influenced.

It may seem paradoxical to say that almost all the political measures which he carried are deserving of much approbation, and yet that the most important ones were productive of a counterbalancing mischief which served materially to neutralize their good effects. The measures were excellent—the way he dealt with them disastrous.

No. 181.—VOL. XXXI.

Nothing, therefore, that the Comte de Jarnac says in praise of his friend need be gainsaid; and yet, taking Sir Robert's political course as a whole, it ought to be held up to future statesmen rather as a warning than as an example.

In introducing Sir Robert Peel to his readers the Comte de Jarnac observes that "*ses manières, toujours froides et compassées, n'ont jamais cessé d'éloigner de lui ses émules*"—an observation, the truth of which no one was more conscious of than himself, as is shown by the following anecdote told to me at the time by Mr. George Alexander Hamilton,¹ to whom Sir Benjamin (then Mr.) Hawes had just told it.

Mr. Hawes was chairman of a committee of the House of Commons, before whom a certain witness gave important testimony. The committee expressed their opinion to their chairman that the government ought to do something to reward the man. Mr. Hawes (who was in opposition) accordingly sought an interview with Sir Robert Peel, then Premier. A day being appointed, Mr. Hawes was ushered in, was very civilly received, and proceeded to state his case. When he had concluded, Sir Robert looked steadfastly at him without uttering a word, and continued to do so for so long, that Mr. Hawes grew quite uncomfortable, and taking up his hat, said—"I beg your pardon, Sir Robert, I see that you think I have been taking too great a liberty in coming to you as I have done. I wish you good morning." On which Sir Robert started up and said, "Good gracious!

¹ M.P. for Dublin University.

you are quite mistaken. I was only thinking how best I could comply with your request. It is my unfortunate manner, which has been my bane through life." There is a frankness and sincerity in such a confession, on such an occasion, by such a man, which certainly gives a very favourable impression of his character. But it is just because he was richly endowed with so many good and admirable qualities that his example was so dangerous. A man notoriously unscrupulous in the use of means for attaining ends, whose character for integrity affords no shelter to others in justification for wrong, does far less mischief by an evil deed than the good man who goes astray, and whose reputation may be appealed to by those who would follow in his wake.

It is true that M. de Jarnac is not led away by his admiration of the man to approve of all that he did, and notably he deplores and condemns his having made himself the instrument for abolishing the Corn Laws; but he condemns his course on that point rather as politically wrong from the effects which followed it, than as a grievous moral error tending to the demoralisation of future statesmen.

It is a curious fact, that on every great question with which Sir Robert had to deal, he set out with avowing and acting upon opinions directly the reverse of those to which in the end he came round. In 1810 he was a decided anti-bullionist; in 1819 he brought in and carried the Currency Act known by his name, based on the strictest principles of the bullionists. In 1827 a stern supporter of the Test and Corporation Acts; in 1828 the author of their repeal. Up to 1828 a vehement opponent of Roman Catholic Emancipation; in 1829 the minister who carried it by his authority and influence. In 1837, out of office, talking strong Protestantism; in 1845 endowing Maynooth, and treating with scant courtesy the Protestant Primate of Ireland. In 1827 backing the Duke of Wellington in his opposition to Mr. Canning's Corn Bill, although framed on the instructions of their common colleague, Lord Liverpool; in 1828 thwart-

ing¹ Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Charles Grant in the cabinet, and compelling the adoption of a sliding-scale far less favourable to the consumer than the one proposed by Mr. Canning, thereby laying open the law to attacks much more difficult to resist. In 1842, when bringing in a new Corn Law, refusing to listen to the suggestions of Lord Fitzgerald, his colleague in the cabinet, to adopt a plan which would have secured the due sliding of the scale in wet seasons of harvest;² in 1845 sweeping the whole fabric ruthlessly and *permanently* away!

Now it need not be denied that most of these measures were beneficial ones; but it is very certain that by his previous opposition to them he aggravated all the evils which they were intended to remedy, whilst by carrying them as he did, he neutralized many of the chief advantages which might reasonably have been expected from them.

Take, for instance, his conduct on the Roman Catholic question. His long and persevering opposition to concession had, as both he and the Duke of Wellington admitted, brought Ireland to the verge of rebellion. The choice which they then had to make was between yielding and civil war. Who can for a moment doubt that in deciding to yield they acted rightly? But how disastrous was the effect on Ireland! They conceded to fear what they denied to justice. They both offended, most unwisely, the great Agitator, by compelling him to be re-elected; and the measure conceded to menace, so far from tranquillizing the country, only gave encouragement to agitation and all the evils of turbulent disloyalty.

The course which Sir Robert ought to have pursued, was to surrender power to those who could have granted the boon on the ground of justice, and who could not have been accused of having had it extorted from them by threats.

In reply, it is said that had they done so it could not have been carried: no one but the great Duke, aided by Sir Robert, could have succeeded. This

¹ This Mr. Huskisson told me.

² Told me at the time by Lord Fitzgerald.

may have been so, although it seems difficult to believe that a Whig government, supported by the Duke and Sir Robert, could not have accomplished it.

But fully adopting this view, and admitting that, in the crisis with which they had to deal, the only alternatives which offered themselves were either sacrificing their convictions and their consistency, or delivering up Ireland to the horrors of a civil war—and giving Sir Robert full credit for entertaining these opinions—then it must be conceded that he acted as a patriot and as a true statesman: his conduct was fully justified, and deserves all approbation.

There can be no doubt, then, but that Sir Robert, in the first volume of his *Memoirs*, written by himself, establishes this part of his defence, and his country owes him a debt of gratitude for this abnegation of self—for he was well aware of the sacrifice which he was making. "I have," he said, in his letter to the Duke (August 11, 1828), "been too deeply committed on this question—have expressed too strong opinions in respect to it, too much jealousy and distrust of the Roman Catholics, too much apprehension as to the immediate and remote consequences of yielding to their claims—to make it advantageous for the king's service that I should be the person to originate the measure." And when he had reluctantly brought himself, in consequence of the Duke's urgent entreaties, to undertake its origination, he wisely and honourably determined to resign his seat for Oxford University rather than have it "said with truth that he was exercising an authority derived from the confidence of the University to promote measures injurious in her deliberate opinion either to her own interests or to those of the Church" (p. 312).

But where Sir Robert's vindication fails, taking his own view, is, not as to what he did in 1829, but as to what he did for the three or four years that preceded 1829. Could a man who saw and reasoned as he did in 1829 have seen and reasoned as he did in the years preceding 1829? One cannot help asking, had he not too long gone on oppos-

ing claims which he felt sure could not be long resisted? When he abandoned Mr. Canning in 1827, did he really think that Mr. Canning was wrong? These were the questions to which, for the sake of his fame, he was especially bound to give a satisfactory answer, but which in his *Memoirs* he has left wholly untouched, save by an assertion at the outset, which, giving him full credit for having persuaded himself that it was true, is assuredly not borne out by the facts. "The unvarying and decided opposition which I had offered to the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities certainly did not originate in any view of personal political advantage. When in 1812 I voted against the resolution in favour of concession—moved by Mr. Canning after the death of Mr. Perceval, and carried by a majority of 235 to 106—I could not expect by that vote that I was contributing to my political advancement."

Now it is very certain that by taking this course Mr. Peel did at once place himself, with his great talents, at the head of that large Protestant party, which was then the most powerful in the country: he really had no rival. Had he supported concession to the Romanists, he would have found himself amongst a host of rivals; by resisting it he at once became a leader. Had he taken the same side with Mr. Canning, the University of Oxford would not have preferred him for its representative instead of that statesman. He at once mounted to influence and power on the shoulders of the Anti-Catholic party, and the course which he then adopted was the one cause which so rapidly brought him into notice.

If, then, the obligations which he "contracted when he entered into the service of the crown, that he would in all matters to be treated and debated in council, faithfully, openly, and truly declare his mind and opinion according to his heart and conscience," enforced upon him the line of conduct which he pursued in 1829, why, if *having changed his opinions*, did he neglect "openly to declare his mind" during the preceding years? The an-

answer to this question may be that he had not changed his opinions. Be it so; but his Memoir affords no explanation of the difficulty. To reconcile the language which he used in 1829 with his previous conduct—that was the riddle which he had to expound; but he makes no attempt to do so.

What is here remarked was contained in the notes which I made at the time when I read his book. Lord Macaulay had lent it to me. Within an hour after writing them I called on him to return it. Without my saying anything, he expressed precisely the same sentiments as I had recorded. He said, "Sir Robert never could be got to defend himself against the accusations really brought against him, which referred to his conduct previously to 1829—he invariably met it with a justification of his conduct in that year, which was not impugned." Macaulay added, "He has done the same in this Memoir."¹

This all-important episode in Sir Robert's career the Comte de Jarnac disposes of in a single sentence:—

"Après la mort de M. Canning, Robert Peel n'avait plus de rival dans les rangs parlementaires de son parti. Il eut justifié pleinement son éminente position dans les débats sur l'affranchissement des Catholiques, mesure dont le principal honneur lui revient" (p. 286).

But whatever amount of "honour" or discredit may attach to the Tory leaders, one thing is certain—that their conduct on this occasion broke up the Tory party. The feeling of a large section was that they had been betrayed; and impressed with the idea that an open foe was better than a pretended friend, they resolved, wisely or unwisely, to destroy the government in which they had previously trusted. The year after Roman Catholic emancipation was carried, the government of the Duke of Wellington was dismissed *with Tory aid*. Whether this was a good or an evil is a question which it is needless here to discuss. For years the reforming government had it all their own way, and dealt with reckless audacity

with the venerable fabric of the British constitution.

The brightest era of Sir Robert's career was during those years. With a skill and judgment unequalled in parliamentary annals, he contrived to reunite the scattered elements of his party. He acquired the respect of all sides, and regained the confidence of his own. The country was with him—it was wearied with the policy of those in power. Sir Robert forced on a dissolution, and the result of the elections was to replace him in office with the immense majority of 91! He was then undoubtedly the most powerful minister that the nation had had since Mr. Pitt was in the zenith of his fame. He was all powerful for good. Had he learnt wisdom from the past? Who could have anticipated that he would again shiver into fragments the great party which he led, and that he would fall, "like Lucifer, never to rise again."

Yet such was his fate. A lesson to all future statesmen!

M. de Jarnac makes no reference to any other cause for this catastrophe but the repeal of the Corn Laws; but two years before that repeal he had alienated from him a large section of his party by an additional grant to the college of Maynooth. Founded by a great and good man, in order to remove the education of the Roman priests from the demoralising influences of the principles which were then in the ascendant in France, where they were previously educated, Mr. Pitt had looked forward to the institution which he founded as about to prove a nursery of loyalty and peace. Ever since its foundation it had been the hotbed of turbulence and disaffection, and had fallen into the hands of the Jesuits—an order which the Roman Catholic Relief Act had, *eo nomine*, banished from the realm. Such was the institution on which Sir Robert Peel deemed it advisable to bestow special marks of his favour, fancying, by some strange obliquity of vision, that he was sending what he called "*a message of peace to Ireland*." It is doubtful whether it conciliated one solitary individual in that country; it is certain that it alien-

¹ Copied from my note-book.

ated from Sir Robert's government a very large portion of the loyal Protestants of Ireland; whilst by the Roman priesthood it was regarded as another concession to fear. Moreover, it was so clumsily arranged that it greatly aggravated every evil which it was intended to remedy.

The grounds on which this additional grant was justified, were that it was necessary to raise the character of the students destined for the Roman priesthood, who, from the low nature of the education then afforded at Maynooth, had considerably deteriorated from the old priests who had received a more refined and expensive education abroad. For this object it was argued that it was necessary to do two things—(1), to secure better professors (2), to secure a higher grade of students.

The plan for obtaining the first object was to attach larger salaries to the professorships, such as would induce better men to accept and to continue to hold them, since it was asserted that the chairs were inadequately filled, and that if by chance a good occupant was found he would not stay. The grant, however, was made without confining it to new appointments, so that the very professors, on account of whose unfitness the grant was to be made, and who in the ordinary course remained *only for a short time*, received suddenly such an increase of salary as made it worth their while to remain as long as they could. And, accordingly, they *did* remain.

The scheme for obtaining a higher grade of students consisted in giving to each 15*l.* in addition to what was already given to them out of the public funds. Prior to this additional grant no student could go to Maynooth unless his family or his friends provided for him about 30*l.* a-year, and this necessity on the part of the student to contribute something from resources independent of the college ensured something approaching to respectability of position in the social scale. Had the student been thrown upon his own resources to a still greater extent—had 40*l.* or 50*l.* been the sum required, his position in society would have been *pro tanto* so much higher.

But the course which was adopted produced the very opposite results to those which its author intended. To every student an additional allowance of 15*l.* a year was given—the effect of which has been (as ought to have been foreseen) that the students, having only to provide one half of what they provided before, have just to that amount sunk in the scale of society, so that it is not too much to say that since the grant a general deterioration has taken place in the character of the student.

In the political world Sir Robert thus again destroyed, with a large number of his earnest Protestant friends, all reliance on his judgment and consistency. The cry was raised, "He has betrayed us a second time, he will be sure to betray us a third."

It was during the prevalence of this state of feeling amongst so many of his former supporters that the failure of the Irish potato crop, in 1846, took place, whereby hundreds of thousands of the Irish poor were reduced to a state of positive famine. In 1834 Lord Devon's commissioners had placed on record that there existed in Ireland "2,356,000 of its inhabitants always bordering on starvation, and sometimes dying by hundreds from its effects." From that day to the time of the famine, twelve long years, almost nothing had been done by the Legislature, or had been attempted by the government to remedy so disastrous and disgraceful a state of things; and the appalling calamity came upon the unhappy island without any preparations having been made by their rulers to alleviate or to meet it. Had Sir Robert known how to send a real message of peace to that country, he would have devoted all his energies to remedy its physical evils. As it was, the awful crisis came upon him unprepared, and, with his genuine tenderness of heart, afflicted him with an agony of distress. To add to the intensity of the alarm, a bad harvest in Great Britain, occasioned by a wet season, had made *corn nominally* cheap, but *bread* extremely dear. This paradoxical state of things was owing to the light quarters of corn which sold for low prices, and of course

produced less bread, keeping down the averages of the quarters at so very low a figure, that the duty was as high as 16s. to 18s. a quarter, with a famine in Ireland and a dearth in Great Britain. This had been predicted to him by Lord Fitzgerald—"His sliding scale would not slide!" It was a state of things which no minister, however deeply pledged he might have been, could allow to continue. The complete and immediate suspension of the law was a matter of sheer necessity. Had he confined himself to that course, every human being must have approved it. Unhappily for himself he went beyond it. "Suspension of the law," he said, "will compel a very early decision on the course to be pursued, in anticipation of the period when the suspension will expire. Suspension will compel a deliberate review of the whole question of agricultural protection. I firmly believe that it would be better for the country that that review should be undertaken by others. Under ordinary circumstances I should advise that it should be so undertaken; but I look now to the immediate consequences and to the duties which it imposes on a minister. I am ready to take upon myself the responsibility of meeting that emergency, if the opinions of my colleagues as to the extent of the evil and the nature of the remedy, concur with mine."—*Memoir*, p. 184.

"The nature of the remedy" was immediate suspension and total repeal in the short space of three years! Suspension alone would obviously have met the immediate emergency, *without* the absolute repeal for the future; but Sir Robert resolved that the two should not be disjoined. Notwithstanding his "firm belief that it would be better for the country that such a step should be taken by others," he blinded himself by the phrase "the duties which the emergency imposed on a minister;" and instead of at once revealing to his colleagues the views which he entertained, and telling them that those views were so incompatible with his past career, and the pledges by which he was bound to his supporters, that he intended to

resign, he actually came down to his Cabinet, and proposed that they should use the power they had obtained by supporting agricultural protection to put an end to it for ever—and thus violate all their pledges by joining him in carrying a total repeal! It was in vain that his friend and colleague Mr. Goulburn tried to deter him from this course. "I am convinced," said that honest adviser, "that the amendment of the Corn Law will be taken by the public generally as decisive evidence that we never intended to maintain it, further than as an instrument by which to vex and to defeat our enemies. The very caution with which we have spoken on the subject of corn will confirm this impression. . . . the public will, with few dissentient voices, tax us with treachery and deception, and charge us from our former language with having always had it in contemplation."—*Memoir*, p. 203. The Cabinet were astounded by the Premier's proposal, and the great majority (all, I believe) differed from Sir Robert, and were of opinion, with Mr. Goulburn, that having so recently obtained power by their support of agricultural protection, they would be "taxed with treachery and deception" if they used the power so obtained in abolishing the system which they pledged themselves to preserve. Sir Robert had reasoned himself out of this honest and straightforward view of the crisis, and, deserted by his colleagues, he had no option but to resign. He accordingly tendered his resignation to the Queen. It was graciously accepted, and Lord John Russell was empowered by her Majesty to construct an administration. Against *him* and his party there was still, however, a majority of ninety-one; for although the Maynooth grant had sown division amongst the Tory party, the offended sections had not gone over to the Whigs. Under these circumstances Lord John declined the task, and the Queen again summoned Sir Robert Peel to her aid. He accepted the commission, and returned to his colleagues, now in a very different position to that which they held when the first proposal was made to them. The fitting ex-

ample which Sir Robert had given (as already mentioned) in resigning his seat for the University on the occasion of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, had been followed; the power which they had acquired by professing certain principles had been laid down, and they therefore felt themselves at liberty to accept power, which, so acquired, they could no longer be charged with treacherously using. To have refused would have been to leave the country without a government at one of the most alarming periods of its history. Those therefore of the Cabinet who had objected to Sir Robert's proposal not because of its unfitness, but because they declined to commit an act of treachery, consented to remain; but Lord Stanley and one or two more, who stood up for protection, resigned.

The *sequence* of these events is of the first importance in judging of the course which Sir Robert pursued. Had the resignation been made in the first instance because he "firmly believed that it would be better for the country that the review of the Corn Laws should be undertaken by others," and that he had returned to office on the failure of Lord John Russell's attempt, "the public could not have charged him with treachery or deception." Mr. Goulburn was a true prophet; the public did as he predicted they would do; and a sentence which is to be found in the Memoir (p. 98) too clearly shows that in thus taxing him they have done him no injustice:—"I had adopted," he observes, "at an early period of my public life, without, I fear, much reflection, the opinions generally prevalent at the time, among men of all parties, as to the justice and necessity of protection to domestic agriculture." But were all the able speeches in favour of protection during his long career from 1810 to 1844 made "without much serious reflection?" or rather was not the "caution" with which Mr. Goulburn affirmed that he spoke on the Corn Laws the result of such reflection? In fact, had he not during many years their repeal in contemplation, especially when he refused to consent to construct the bill

which he brought in and carried in 1841 in a way which would have secured the "sliding of his scale" in years when the season was wet at the time of harvest? Does not the pertinacity with which he insisted on joining suspension and total repeal create the idea that complete repeal was not suggested by the urgency of the crisis, but that the crisis was gladly urged to secure the realization of the idea? Did he not covet the fame which he thought must attach to the statesman who abolished the Corn Laws?

These are questions which must be left to be answered by those who will take the trouble to ascertain and to form a deliberate judgment on the actual facts of the case. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Goulburn's "alarm" as to the effects of his conduct on the public interests was well founded. "In my opinion," said Mr. Goulburn, in a letter to Sir Robert, "the party of which you are the head is the only barrier which remains against the revolutionary effect of the Reform Act. So long as that party remains unbroken, whether in or out of power, it has the means of doing much good, or at least of preventing much evil. *But if it be broken in pieces by a destruction of confidence in its leaders* (and I cannot but think that an abandonment of the Corn Laws would produce that result), I see nothing before us but the exasperation of class animosities, a struggle for pre-eminence, and the ultimate triumph of unrestrained democracy" (p. 203). One main result here predicted came to pass. For at least a quarter of a century the Tory "party was broken in pieces, and all confidence in their leaders was destroyed." But so baneful was the effect of Sir Robert Peel's example, that confidence in public men of all parties was also annihilated, and the standard of honour and good faith permanently lowered with British statesmen. How keenly this was felt even by those of his colleagues who continued with him is shown by Lord Lyndhurst's reply to a friend, to whom he gave a different opinion on some trifling matter from one that he had expressed three weeks

before. "How can you say so?" said his friend; "why three weeks ago you held the opposite opinion." "Three weeks ago!" replied the Lord Chancellor, with bitter irony, "well, that is a long period to go back. In these times you should inquire what was my opinion in the morning—or perhaps yesterday—but do you really think we can continue in the same mind for three long weeks at a stretch?"

Sir James Graham, when taunted in the House of Commons with language wholly inconsistent with that which he was then holding, openly defied his accuser—"Ask me not," said he, "what I once said. I care not; be content with what I say now," or words to that effect.

Pledges and consistency were thus audaciously repudiated. And, alas! so they continue to be by the statesmen who learnt their lessons in his school. Who would have thought that the statesman who in Parliament in 1835 denounced the policy of Lord John Russell to apply a very small part of the Irish Church revenues to secular purposes—who affirmed "that they had abundant reasons for maintaining that Church, and that if it should be removed, he believed that they would not be long able to resist the Repeal of the Union,"—who would have thought that he would be the man by the strength of his own right arm to destroy it utterly? But Mr. Gladstone received his education in Sir Robert's school.

"To the evil," says Sir Robert in his *Memoir* (vol. ii. p. 168), "of severing party connections and of subjecting public men to suspicion and reproach, I was not insensible; but I felt a strong conviction that such evils were light in comparison to the sacrifice of national interests to party attachments, and by deferring necessary precautions against scarcity of food for the purposes of consulting appearances and preserving the show of personal consistency. I feel too that the injury to the character of public men, the admitted evil of shaking confidence in their integrity and honour, would be only temporary; that if a public man resolved to take a course which his own deliberate judgment approved

—if that course were manifestly opposed to his own private and political interests—if he preferred it with all its sacrifices to some other the taking of which would exempt him from personal responsibility, would enable him to escape much obloquy and to retain the good will and favour of his party—I felt, I say, a strong conviction that no clamour and misrepresentation, however sustained and systematic, would prevent the ultimate development of the truth—the acknowledgment that party interests would not have been promoted—the honour of public men would not have been sustained—the cause of constitutional government would not have been served—if a minister had at a critical moment shrunk from the duty of giving that advice which he believed to be the best—and from the incurring every personal sacrifice which the giving of that advice might entail. I felt assured that this ultimate acknowledgment, however tardily made, would amply repair, so far at least as the public interests were concerned, the temporary evil of unjust suspicion and unjust reproach cast upon the motives and conduct of public men."

Such is the reasoning whereby this celebrated statesman contrived to reconcile to himself and to justify to his countrymen the course which he pursued. Now if he had been engaged in the task of governing his country in an office of which he could not divest himself, all this reasoning might be valid; but he assumed two things, which require proof: (1) That the necessary steps to meet the *immediate* emergency could not have been taken without providing for a *distant* future. (2) That they could not have been carried out by other statesmen; further, he holds that because he took a course which, he said, "was manifestly opposed to his own private and political interests," therefore his honour could not be impugned. This is sad sophistry. Pledges are binding, although a man may persuade himself that it is against his interest to break them. The maintenance of good faith is not a matter of mere loss or gain; it ought to be kept sacred, uninfluenced,

either way, by calculations as to personal profit.

To have suspended the law for a time would have been no breach of faith. No pledge whatever could have been given to maintain under any circumstances a law, when maintaining it must have starved the people. To do more was to violate pledges reiterated year by year. Our constitutional government is not so served. *No man can serve his country with benefit at the expense of his personal honour.* However wise the measure, however just the advantage, it can never compensate to the community at large for the removal or destruction of the great landmarks of right and wrong; and there is no way so effectual for removing those landmarks, as for those in the highest places of trust and honour to think proper to disregard and defy them.

When a friend of Sir Robert's was urging this defence upon the Princess Lieven, and enlarging on the great sacrifice he had made, that lady having patiently listened to the whole argument, quaintly replied, "Quelle dommage qu'on ne peut pas servir sa patrie sans deshonor soi-même!" Even M. de Jarnac says, "Toute l'affection que j'ai portée a sa personne, toute la vénération que j'ai vouée à sa mémoire, ne sauraient m'aveugler sur l'erreur inconcevable de cette période critique de sa carrière."

As I have already observed, there was much to admire in the conduct and character of Sir Robert Peel. But the mischief arising from the example which he set has been, and still is, producing baneful effects on the conduct of British statesmen. He was always providing for the means of retreat from the positions which he defended, never feeling confident, in his own mind, that they would long be tenable. And yet, he allowed the crises to come upon him so suddenly, that in spite of having looked forward to them, they found him unprepared, and, even according to his own view, he had to sacrifice either his country or himself.

"His character," said Macaulay to me one day, "may be summed up in three words, 'Caution without foresight.'" He assuredly had little foresight, and his deficiency in this quality prevented his caution serving him as it might have done.

It is pleasant, however, to think that the Comte de Jarnac most justly describes as "*magnifique*, le discours sur la politique étrangère de l'Angleterre prononcé la veille même de sa mort."

Assuredly, the last words which he ever uttered in the House of Commons laid down the soundest principles by which the foreign policy of this country ought to be guided; and it is gratifying to one who is not blind to his faults, to reflect that this, as it were his last legacy to his country, was worthy of a British statesman.

As a judicious and liberal patron of the arts, and for his generosity to poor artists, Sir Robert deserves every commendation. M. de Jarnac is much struck with "*les murs couverts des chefs d'œuvres de Rubens et de Reynolds, soit à Londres, soit à Drayton Manor.*" But there is one picture by a painter whom he does not name (Sir Thomas Lawrence) to which a curious story attaches. It is a life-like portrait of the Duke of Wellington, which was being painted at the same time with one of Mr. Canning, which likewise formed part of Sir Robert's collection. The two sat for their portraits on different days, and when the Duke's portrait was half finished, he was represented as holding a watch in his hand, waiting for the Prussians at Waterloo. One day when Mr. Canning came to sit, we found that a telescope had been painted over the watch. On inquiring the reason, Sir Thomas said that as soon as the Duke understood what the watch was intended to indicate, he observed: "That will never do. I was not '*waiting*' for the Prussians at Waterloo. Put a telescope in my hand, if you please, but no watch." And the telescope now appears in the present Sir Robert's gallery.

A. G. STAPLETON.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER her last night's reflections, Bride was quite ready to acquiesce good-humouredly, when her brother suggested at breakfast that the journey to London, on which they were to have started the following day, should be postponed till the end of the week, to give their guests time to settle in comfortably, before they were left to Lesbia's care. She was longing for change, for her health and spirits had suffered much from the winter's hard work, but she saw that her consent to remain was received as a great boon by him, and that reconciled her to waiting. She reflected that it might not belong that the granting or refusing favours, on which John's heart was set, would remain in her hands. Her anxiety to gratify him extended so far as to make her take every opportunity that occurred of being with Ellen, and she tested her own generosity by speaking a good deal of John, and taking care that when the cabins were visited and the arrangements for distributing food among the starving people were discussed, all the good results due to his foresight and capacity for administration should be pointed out. She could not speak of John without praising him, but hitherto it had not been her practice to speak often of him; the partnership between them had been too close; she would have felt it like praising herself. Now her sense of proprietorship in him was passing away, she had fairly seen that the joy of his good deeds and the pride of his talents might come to be another's treasure, even more than her own. It was, perhaps, a help that Ellen did not seem in any hurry to take possession. She was first critical, then surprised.

It was not till she and Bride were returning from the village, where they had spent the greater part of the morning in going from cabin to cabin, that she grudgingly made her first admission.

"You are good managers; there is not nearly so much misery here as in the hovels round Eagle's Edge, and yet you have only used the same means to meet the distress that you have supplied to me. You must have put more thought and care into it, somehow."

"And authority," put in Bride.

"Yes," hesitated Ellen.

"Don't be afraid of saying exactly what you feel," said Bride, noticing a shade of disapproval in Ellen's face.

"Well, don't be vexed at my saying it, but, necessary or unnecessary, I would not have said what you did to Biddy Flanagan for throwing those few grains of Indian meal to her chickens."

"Few grains! It was a handful. What did I say?"

"You said it was sheer dishonesty; that she was stealing bread from the mouths of her neighbours' starving children."

"So she was; all waste of food is robbery of the starving just now."

"But it hurt Biddy dreadfully. She has the kindest heart in the world, and would do anything for her neighbours if she thought of it, and she has always been famous for honesty. She was crying under her shawl all the time you were looking about."

"I was looking about to ascertain if the precautions against the fever we insist upon had been properly carried out. If she has such a kind heart as you say, and cares for her neighbours, she will show it better by attending to the rules for preserving the health of the place

than by crying at a word. I am afraid her tears won't prevent her wasting part of the next measure of Indian meal served out to her, and coming back clamouring for more before the proper time."

"No, because, you see, she does not believe what you said; she only thinks you very unjust. She knows she is neither cruel nor dishonest, and she looks upon Indian meal as a sort of horrible stuff sent here in unlimited quantity by government to punish them somehow for their potatoes having failed. She will throw away the next basinful she can lay her hands on with energy, as a protest against the injustice of your opinion of her."

"She is very ungrateful, then, to think more of my opinion of herself than of all the efforts she sees us making for her solid benefit. She ought to put aside any harshness there may seem to be in my words (which after all only call things by the right names), and trust us from seeing what we do. That is what I should call reasonable."

"Ah, but we are not made like that," cried Ellen, "we Irish people. English or Scotch people may be reasonable enough to thrive on solid food, given with heart wounds and stabs to their pride along with it, but we can't."

"Do you mean that you can't take either medicine or food unless it is sweetened by flattery?"

"We cannot thrive on it if it is soured with disregard and contempt. But please excuse me; I did not mean to apply that to anything you have done. I have been looking on all the morning amazed at your kindness, and the people ought to be grateful. My thoughts flew off to larger questions as you spoke, and I was wondering how it is that this foreign charity food is so bitter to those that eat it. Why, we long so that we could have been fed with the abundance of corn our own land brings forth, and that seems, by some machinery we can't understand, to be spirited away from us."

"Ah, your younger brother writes in

the *Nation* newspaper, and goes in for its politics, does he not?"

"Yes, and you are not the person to quarrel with a sister for being of the same opinion as her brother," said Ellen, smiling.

Bride could not quarrel with the smile, it was so sweet, though there was a gleam of mischief in it. "I won't quarrel with you," she answered; "but, putting politics aside, I should like to persuade you to modify your last statement. Surely, it is very unsafe to make pride and sentiment the gauge of acceptable benefits. They are dangerous guides, and might lead us to throw away the truest affection and most earnest kindness, labouring for one's highest good, if prejudice came in the way."

"I know the sort of kindness labouring for one's highest good you mean," cried Ellen. "I have experienced a good deal of it in my life. Its chief function is to make one feel oneself a worm, thankful to creep into any hard shell to get out of its way. It may be a very good sort of affection, but it just kills me."

She was thinking of Pelham Court, but Bride of course did not know that, and there was a pained gravity in the tone in which she answered "I am sorry to hear you say that," which puzzled Ellen.

They had reached the garden gate by this time, and Ellen stood still to look at the house. The outside, though it had undergone some repairs, was little changed; and just at the moment there was a bustle going on in the court-yard, and a sound of rising voices that brought back old happier times to Ellen's memory. Lesbia's handsome new phaeton had been brought out of the coach-house to be washed, and a concourse of ragged boys and men from the roadside, where they had been working, had collected to watch the operation and assist with suggestions and the occasional more active contribution of a shower of water energetically thrown over wheels or cushions, as it happened, from whatever vessel

they had chanced to snatch up. The men were sadly weak and starved-looking, and many of them were sitting down wearily on the upturned wheelbarrows they had brought with them into the yard, but every now and then a shout of quavering laughter rose up.

"Did you ever see anything so childish?" cried Bride, in despair. "The least thing tempts them away from their work. Every day since the new carriage came we have had the same scene. If John were here, he would have to be very angry."

"But he is not here, and you must not be angry; it is such dull, useless work the poor boys come from—spoiling the green hill-sides with roads that we none of us want, and that we shall always hate to see—and it's nothing but Indian meal they'll get for doing it. You must not grudge them the little bit of respite that comes in their way; it does me good, if no one else, for it takes me back to the times when we could not have anything new without all our neighbours round sharing the benefit by getting some amusement out of it some way."

"Your mother found the irregularity and the interruptions very trying, she tells me; and I confess so should I. I like everybody to mind their own business."

"By degrees, I suppose, we'll learn. I say *we*, because I always identify myself with the Castle Daly village people. I can't help it. We'll learn to attend every one to his own concerns only, and to take advice and what we can get from our betters without troubling ourselves to give back any interest in their doings in return."

"And then you'll begin to prosper."

"And to be dull and discontented and selfish."

Bride laughed as she shook her head. "I can't allow that those are necessary results of hard, independent work," she said. "You have a very one-sided way of putting things; but I have a glimmer of what you mean. John was saying something like it a few evenings ago. The sort of interdependence and mutual

affection and interest between rich and poor you look back upon is a remnant of the old clan feeling, and has, no doubt, a great deal of beauty and poetry about it. I can understand the revolt you feel against its being merged into the hard individualism of the stage of society that has to follow. It looks ugly in the first stern form of struggle it has to take, but it must come and work out into its own good. You shall talk to John about it."

"I sha'n't understand him if he translates my 'good times' and 'bad times' at Castle Daly into 'stages of society' and 'laws.' I won't be made to look at things on a large scale, for then he and you are sure to get the better of me. I shall insist on going back to where we started from—the tired men sitting on their wheelbarrows and enjoying the washing of Lesbia's carriage—and say, as I have always said, that I could never bear to think of Castle Daly without Daly's Corner hanging on behind it, and finding its chief solace, and all the amusement and glorification of the life lived there, in the connection. I don't see that one has the least right to exist without the other. I suppose it is the clan feeling I have got, but I do in earnest think there ought not to be great places or very beautiful things unless a whole company of people are to share at least in the glorification of them. So much ought not to be shut up and hedged round for the delight of two or three. If everybody lives to himself, and only represents himself, then everybody might be comfortable, but there need be no grandeur."

"We are getting into mazes of political economy, I am afraid, and had better wait for John to lead us through. There is your mother coming to meet us with Lesbia."

"I wonder what they are talking about that so interests mamma. She looks quite animated. Lesbia knows how to amuse mamma better than I do; I wish she would teach me her art," said Ellen, with a tone of self-reproach in her voice that made Bride look at her with more

complacency than she had felt before. She was not quite invincible then; everybody did not put her first.

Lesbia had persuaded Mrs. Daly to take a turn in the flower-garden, to see how the bulbs were coming up, and how the shrubberies were improved by the weeding and planting out that had gone on through the winter. She perceived quickly enough that Mrs. Daly was not affected by the sight of the improvements as Pelham had been. She liked to have them pointed out to her, and the implication running through Lesbia's talk that she had not worked for herself, but towards the time when the owners would return to the Castle again, met with no contradiction from Mrs. Daly. Neither she nor Lesbia troubled themselves about the exact bearing of what they were saying to each other. It was only in this strain that Lesbia could speak while pointing out her improvements to the old mistress of the place; and it was so pleasant to fall into it, that she would not vex herself with even a remote glance at the conditions which only could make her words come true. If it was a day-dream they were making for themselves; the old lady of the Castle and the young one found equal satisfaction in upholding each other in it, so that no consciousness or questioning was allowed to creep in and imperil its foundations.

When they had finished the round of the garden and pleasure-grounds, and were slowly pacing the sunny terrace with its view across the head of the lake towards the Maam Turk mountains, Mrs. Daly, to her own surprise, found herself opening out to Lesbia on recollections of the first years of her life at Castle Daly, and of Pelham's childhood. It was the sight of Lac-na-Weel's dark head, for once free from clouds, which Lesbia happened to remark upon, that made her begin, and the interest in the girl's brown eyes tempted her on to a fuller account than she had ever given any one else of what she had suffered long ago, when her eldest son at six years old had strayed away from home and been absent for fourteen hours.

Ellen was a baby then, living with her foster nurse in a cabin at the foot of Lac-na-Weel. Pelham had been carried to see her once or twice, and, taking advantage of his nurse's carelessness, he had slipped from the house early one morning, and set forth to find his way across the mountains alone—a sturdy, fearless little fellow, used to climbing, and hard to turn back from anything he had set his heart upon. He had been missed some time before any one had the courage to tell her; and then what an agony it had been to bear the slow passing of the hours, and the return of one party of searchers after another with no news. No one had chanced to guess the direction the child had taken, and of course every one's thoughts turned to the lake at once, and she could not help seeing how little hope most of them had, and that the search was half pretence with the greater number who went. She was ill at the time, and not allowed to leave the house herself; and she told Lesbia that she believed her dislike to Castle Daly arose from the painful associations that the views from all the windows had with that day's watchings. She could never afterwards see the shadows of the clouds flitting over the hills, or watch the waters of the lake deepening into the glow of sunset without recalling the horror in which that day had gone down. At last, long after dark, a tall, strange, wild-looking man had brought the child home, with the story of how he had found him gathering bog-berries on the edge of the precipice that gained the mountain its ominous name, because no shepherd ventured to pasture his flocks on that side of the hill for fear they should fall over and be dashed to pieces. Mrs. Daly paused with a shudder at the long-past danger.

"And then it was all over, and how happy you must have been," said Lesbia.

"But, my dear, it was not all over, and that is why my thoughts go back to that day so often, tracing onwards from it to so many of the troubles of my life. The man came up those steps (I was standing at the top) with my boy on his

shoulder clutching his elf-locks with his little hands, and whether it was that the poor child was afraid of being scolded for running away, or whether the man had fascinated him somehow, I don't know, but for a minute he clung to him and would not get down even to come to me. I shall never forget what I felt—the devouring anxiety to have him safe once more in my own arms out of the keeping of that dreadful wild man. For he was a dreadful man. I shall never forget his face as he stood under the light in the hall with Pelham clinging to him. I knew him by report; he had a bad character, and was living in the mountains almost as an outlaw. Of course we rewarded him amply; but that did not satisfy him. He seemed to feel as if he had a sort of right over the child because he had saved his life, and he would hang about the Castle even after I had warned him to keep away. He used to meet Pelham out on his walks when he got a little older, and tempt him to make excursions into the mountains with him, and offer him presents; once it was a young eaglet that he had taken out of its nest on the top of Lac-na-Weel. I could not overcome the horror the association gave me, and I had no peace till I had persuaded Mr. Daly to send Pelham to England and let him go to school with his Pelham Court cousins and spend his holidays with them. That is how it came about that Pelham had a different bringing up from Connor and Ellen, and that he has lived so little in Ireland. I thought I was doing the best for him, but I often fear now that I made a mistake. If I had controlled my dread of Dennis then, there might have been fewer difficulties in Pelham's way now."

"But is that man here still?"

"I dare not ask. I know there are suspicions about him that I must not allow my thoughts to dwell on. It is bad enough to be always saying to myself that if I had only let Pelham be brought up as Connor and Ellen were, he would now be as much beloved here as they are, and I need never have feared for him."

"But he might not have been what he is if he had been brought up differently," Lesbia ventured. "He might not have been so much to you."

"Ah, there it is. I brought him up for myself, not for his own happiness in the place where he has to live. He has never had a real home. Ellen and Connor cling together, and he is left out. I feel the hardship to my very heart. I long to see it made up to him, to get him among people who will find him out and appreciate him."

"There are such people," said Lesbia, very low: "my brother and sister."

"Yes," said Mrs. Daly, "that is why I feel so much at home among you, and happier than I have felt for months. You must forgive me, my dear, for troubling you with such a long-past story. Here is Ellen coming from the village: she will be jealous when she hears how long I have stayed out with you."

"Yes, indeed, I am jealous," cried Ellen, who had now come near enough to hear the last sentence. "Lesbia, you must be a witch. I always suspected it, and now I know. There must have been a four-leaved shamrock in the wreath that came to you by post the other evening."

"Mrs. Daly has promised to come out with me after luncheon," said Lesbia, triumphantly. "She and I are going to drive together to Ballyowen to fetch the gentlemen home when their weary relief committee business is over. I sent a servant to bring back their horses, so they have no choice but to come with us."

Ellen might easily have been jealous of the lovely smile of thanks Lesbia got from Mrs. Daly in return for this speech, if she had been able to feel anything but delight at seeing her mother look so nearly happy again.

"How considerate and womanly the child is growing," Bride thought; "and surely she gets prettier every day. John could not call her eyes brown beads if he saw them just now. Her manner to Mrs. Daly is just what it ought to be, so prettily reverential and affectionate,

and yet too simple to call up any consciousness of their changed positions to each other. I need never fear again that riches are spoiling her. I must make John admire it. He shall not be so lost in contemplation of that other person's charms, that every good quality in his own people escapes him."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LESBIA was an early visitor to Mrs. Daly's room the next morning with a bunch of violets from her own flower border, and the news spoken demurely, but with a little gleam of conscious mutual understanding creeping out from under her eyelashes. "I have persuaded John to consider this a sort of holiday. They are not going to ride to-day, or to look after anything. They are writing letters in John's study now, and reading newspapers, and soon we are going to walk. Ellen has promised to take us by a path she knows over the hills to a little lake where we shall get water-lilies out of the way of the cabins and miserable sights just for once. I thought it would do John good."

"And me," Mrs. Daly said, drawing the bright face down to her and kissing it: "you don't know how much good you are doing me."

Lesbia had managed to take Mrs. Daly's heart by storm, and get nearer to it than anybody had been known to do for years; the bystanders noticed the friendship with wonder, not having divined the secret sympathy that united the pair.

"Do you remember this day last year?" Lesbia asked Ellen, when the two girls were standing in the hall equipped for their walk, and waiting till the library door at which they had rapped several times in vain should open. "Can you tell me what we were all doing this day last year?"

"Of course I can, because it is Connor's birthday," said Ellen; "but I wonder you remember the day. I think you did not spend it with us."

"No, but I can tell you exactly what

I was doing. You had invited me to sail with you in the afternoon and come back to dine. It was the first invitation to dine out I had ever had in my life, and oh, how proud I was of it. I dressed to go; and just as I was leaving the house one of Aunt Joseph's grand friends (the people she called grand, I mean) came in a carriage to ask her to drive, and my aunt ordered me to take my bonnet off and stay at home, because, as she would be away, I was wanted to look after the children. I spent the whole afternoon in picturing what you were all doing, and made myself miserable with the contrast between you and myself. At night I put a little cross in my almanac to mark the day, and as I wrote it I wondered whether I should be more or less unhappy when the same date came round again—whether anything particular would have happened to me. Did you ever do such a thing?"

"No, I don't think I ever did. I used to be too happy to want to look forward."

"Well, it was seeing that little cross in my pocket-book determined me to make an expedition with you to-day. I thought it would be a charming answer to my last year's question. Nobody will order me to take off my bonnet and shut me up in the house this year. Dear Ellen, have I vexed you by talking of last year? I wish I had been more considerate."

Ellen passed her fingers lightly over her eyes, and then looked up, smiling.

"No, I am not vexed; for a moment I thought how glad I should be if some one who used to give me orders could come through that door, or up those steps, as he has so often done when I have been standing here, and tell me to do—oh, anything for him! But, Babette, I am determined I will not spoil our walk by low spirits. I know you did not plan it just for the sake of making amends to yourself for last year's disappointment; you are as clever as other members of your family in making yourself out selfish when you are really kind. You wanted to secure

mamma an easy day by keeping Pelham with us, and perhaps you thought too of gratifying me by honouring Connor's birthday. I have kept it ever since I can remember, by some pleasure expedition; and I may tell the poor boy, mayn't I, that he was not altogether forgotten this year at Castle Daly?"

"I don't know how it would be to tell him," said Lesbia, demurely. "Here, at last, come John and your brother. Now we may set out."

Ellen's resolution to enjoy the walk was put to a severe trial before they had taken many steps up the steep road. Mr. Thornley, who was walking by her side, turned to her, and remarked in a tone that was meant to be indifferent, but was really full of anxiety—

"You hear from your brother Connor frequently, I suppose?"

"I had a long letter a week ago," Ellen answered, as steadily as she could, while an uneasy vision of Connor detected in some imprudence in their own neighbourhood filled her thoughts.

"He wrote from Dublin, of course."

"Yes, of course."

"Why don't you turn my questions back on myself, by asking why I ask?"

"Because I feel sure if you want to tell me anything you will; and if you don't there's no use in my asking."

"What an opinion of my obstinacy you must have—quite erroneous, let me tell you. I hesitate to speak because I am afraid of alarming you needlessly, though I think I ought to give you a warning."

"Then please say anything you know of Connor at once."

"It is not important, though worth mentioning, perhaps. Some men were taken up by the police last night for being found out on the hills at a later hour than is allowed by the new Vagrancy Act, which is very strictly enforced in this district just now, and in the course of their examination this morning a good deal was brought out concerning two emissaries from the Dublin clubs, who have been holding secret meetings down here, and collecting the people on the hill-sides for drill at night.

One of the men, who was either very stupid, or who wanted to be bribed to tell more, let drop your brother Connor's name. The other prisoners united in swearing that the two gentlemen they had gone out to meet were perfect strangers, who had never been seen by any one in these parts before; and there was an attempt at explanation or mystification by some of them volunteering the remark that one of the strange gentlemen was so like your father that maybe it was a spirit, and no gentleman at all, that had harangued them on the hill-side. The police magistrate seemed satisfied, and so in fact was I; only when you are writing to your brother you may as well let him know how thorough the vigilance is in our neighbourhood, and that his friends would be wise to withdraw while they can in safety, and carry on their play at preparations for rebellion elsewhere."

"Mr. Thornley, you should not have said that word 'play.'"

"Why not?"

"Don't you think that when people are miserable, and angered, and desperate, and told their death-struggles are play, it is enough to goad them into terrible earnest? It is just those contemptuous sayings that do so much harm and sow more bitterness than actual wrong."

"I did not mean it for contempt. I am paying a tribute to Young Ireland's common sense when I call the threats her representatives are flinging about mere play. I cannot suppose them to be so mad and blind as to be in earnest. To dream of plunging the country into rebellion at such a crisis as this would be greater folly than one can conceive."

"We don't worship common sense as you do; and for my part I don't believe anything great was ever done except when that idol of yours was tossed away. It is always in crises of trouble, out of great depths, that deliverance comes."

"Yes; but what you are looking for would not be deliverance, it would be destruction."

"You don't know anything about it."

"I shall begin to think you are the 'Eva' or the 'Speranza' who writes pathetic treason in the *Nation*."

"Don't sneer at them, please. I have read verses of theirs that I should indeed be proud to have written."

"For your brother Connor's sake, I am very sorry to hear you say this. I shall hardly blame him for any lengths he may go to now. It is enough to make any one a rebel to hear you talk. You should be careful."

"Can one be careful when one's heart is breaking? The very blackness of the night forces me to believe that there must be a dawn coming."

"And so there is; though perhaps you won't recognize it as such when it comes. There will come some good out of the present misery, you may be sure. It is good for the country that the surplus population are driven away, even by stress of famine, to seek more prosperous homes elsewhere, leaving the land to be made the best of."

"Desolated that is,—turned into wide, silent, sheep-walks and great pasture-fields, with only dumb cattle in them from sea to sea. Everywhere roofless villages and deserted homes, and only here and there a few companionless people who have lost all instinct of nationality, guarding riches that are not their own. *That* would be your good; but that is just the fate we Young Irishmen are resolved to make one stand against before it is quite too late—one struggle to keep Ireland and her people together."

"You might just as well put up your hands and try to stop the sun in the sky. A country can't exist by itself in these days; it must consent to become what the rest of the world wants it to be."

"I will never agree to that. I think a country is for the people who love it best to live and be happy in, in their own way."

"Then would you leave America to red Indians for hunting-grounds and wigwams?"

"I shall not answer such an insulting question. We did not come out to quarrel, did we, Mr. Thornley? I thought it

No. 181.—VOL. XXXI.

was to be for rest. We have climbed the hill while we have been arguing, and left Pelham and Lesbia far behind. Let us wait for them here at the top, for this is the view I want Lesbia to admire. Do you see my little lake—my water-lily preserve—down there, looking like a patch of blue sky that has dropped down and been caught and held fast by the hills? I am glad Lac-na-Weel wears his crown to-day; he looks so much grander covered. He might be any height up in the mist."

"Like Young Ireland's dreams, seen through the mist of eloquence you are wrapping them in. I don't so much wonder at people growing dreamy who live here, for there is glamour over everything. The very beauty of the landscape is made of cloud effects, mist-wreaths, and sunbeams. Through any other atmosphere it would be dreary enough, you must allow."

"If you will allow that it is some credit to a country to know how to get loveliness, like this we are looking at, out of bare rocks and bog lands, and such hopes as we have out of despair."

"Yes, if you could always be content with shadow instead of substance, and did not dash yourselves to pieces chasing one in mistake for the other."

"I think I like shadows best," said Ellen; "such shadows as those on the hills. I pity the people who have to leave them to live on some ugly, flat plain in America or Australia, let it be ever so substantial and fruitful."

There was a low stone wall skirting the pathway. Ellen seated herself on it as she spoke, and began to pluck the small ferns and stone-crop that grew among the stones, letting them fall absently from her fingers as fast as she gathered them. She was feeling much alarm on Connor's account, and had made a brave effort to talk unconcernedly to conceal from her companion the shock his information had given her. And now she was glad to relax the strain and take a silent moment to argue away her fears. How glad she would be to know that Connor was safe in Dublin. She almost smiled at her own

c

inconsistency as she confessed to herself that it was only the distant view of conspiracy and rebellion she could look at with toleration; when it came so near as to bring one's own friends into danger, then it wore quite another aspect. Mr. Thornley stood by her side, watching the changes in her face, which he thought revealed the coming and going of happy or sad thoughts through her mind as clearly as the mountain sides showed the passage of clouds across the sun, and owed, like them, its haunting beauty to the alternate lights and shadows. The leaves she let fall from her fingers brought back to his memory a passage from a tale of Madame Rabaud's, which he had overheard Lesbia reading aloud to Bride a few days before. It described a last interview between two lovers, where the girl, seated on the turf by her lover's side and telling him news that must separate them for ever, mechanically plucked and threw away as she spoke the blades of grass near her; and her lover, unseen by her, gathered them up as they fell from her fingers, to keep them for ever. He remembered how absurd and sentimental he had thought the picture, as he listened. How incredible it would have seemed to him then, that he himself could ever be so infatuated as to value dead leaves because a particular hand had plucked them—a hand whose owner was certainly not occupied with any thought of him in her absence of mind. He had not come to that point yet. He was not coveting Ellen's fern-leaves, he assured himself. Just then a little puff of wind blew one of the tiny fronds almost into his hand. He closed his fingers over it quickly, and slipped it hastily inside the cover of his pocket-book; for just then Ellen woke from her reverie and turned round to speak to him.

"Do you see that winding road skirting the foot of the hill, and the lame man plodding along it? He is singing as he goes, and as he passed below us a minute ago I caught a word or two of his song. Would you like to know what it is about?"

"Yes—he has a fine voice; I caught the sound before he was in sight, but I thought it was Irish he was singing."

"So it is; but I can give you an English version of the words. It is a long poem, much sung about here. The words he is at just now are—

"Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot night and morn—
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon;
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen.

"I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills;
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills.
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen,
My own Rosaleen.
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My own Rosaleen.

"Oh, the Earn shall run red
With redundancy of blood;
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene,
E'er you can fade, e'er you can die,
My dark Rosaleen,
My own Rosaleen.
The judgment hour must first be nigh
E'er you can fade, e'er you can die,
My dark Rosaleen."

"A strangely fierce love-song! What does it mean?"

"It is the 'Roisin Dhu,' the black little Rose; and the black little Rose is Ireland, of course. The man singing it down there is Murdock Malachy, Anne O'Flaherty's servant; so you won't suspect him of being a sworn rebel. Cousin Anne has great influence, and does not allow her people to belong to secret societies, but she can't keep them from singing. You see, the Young Irelanders are not far wrong in thinking that the old love of country is strong still, and might any day burst into a blaze."

"So much the more careful should they be not to put a light to explosive forces that have power certainly to blow

them and all who trust them to destruction, but can do nothing else."

"If you knew how I hate to hear you make such cold-blooded prophecies!"

"Perhaps I should not have courage to make them; the pain of vexing you for a moment might make me hold my tongue. But it would be selfish policy; you would have no reason to thank me for it by and by."

Ellen had an answer ready, but looking into Mr. Thornley's face she saw something there that made her pause and turn quickly away. "Lesbia is getting into difficulties on that last steep bit of the path," she said, "and Pelham is too ceremonious to be of much use. I will run down and help her."

Ellen's cheeks were still flushed, and her heart beating quickly, when she succeeded in landing Lesbia in safety on the summit of the hill; but she had not asked herself the cause of the sudden tumult into which her thoughts had been thrown by Mr. Thornley's words. She would not try to find out whether the feeling called up was pleasure or dismay, or only the unconscious sympathy which the sight of a grave face stirred by unexpectedly deep feeling could not fail to evoke. There were other questions that had to be answered first, and she fancied just at the moment that she could put this one so far away that it might never come to the surface to trouble her again.

In the difficult descent of the hill, the whole party kept together, Ellen pausing now and then to point out to Lesbia the chief landmarks of the scene spread out before them. The winding road that led to Good People's Hollow, the steep ravine at the foot of Lac-na-Weel, the principal peaks of the Green Joyce Hills and of the Grey Maam Turks, whence, in old times, the rival O'Flaherty and Joyce tribes swooped down to fight in the valleys.

"Like eagles on a carcass," Mr. Thornley put in, "tearing each other to pieces for the poor spoil of the boglands."

"No, for the fun of the scrimmage," said Ellen defiantly. "Poor mean-

spirited creatures they'd have been for ancestors if they did not like fighting better than digging."

"And you think you don't want England to govern you?"

But Lesbia was soon too much occupied with the perils of the path to care to look about or leave any of her helpers time for conversation, and when they reached the foot of the mountain she declared herself so shaken with her various falls, and so overcome with fatigue, as to be quite unable to continue the walk. The little lake that seen from the heights had appeared to be close under the hills, proved now to be at least a mile away, and Lesbia began to be plaintive over the impossibility of ever reaching it, or of climbing up the "horrible precipice" she had stumbled down, so as to return home again.

Ellen proposed that they should take the low road leading to the river, as Lesbia's heart failed her for further climbing, and suggested to Pelham that he had better walk on before as quickly as he could, to the boat-house at the head of the lake, and bring a boat up the river to meet them, and save them several miles of this longer route. Lesbia, seeing a regretful look on Pelham's face, was beginning to protest against breaking up the party, when Ellen surprised her by seizing her hand and giving it a hasty, mysterious squeeze.

"Yes, yes; you are very tired. Indeed, Pelham, you must go. We will rest here for half an hour, and then walk slowly on, to give you time to get to the head of the lake and back to the river landing-place before we reach it. But you had better set out at once."

When Pelham had left them, Ellen turned eagerly to Mr. Thornley—

"And now you will walk on to the lake, and get us some water-lilies, while we rest. It would be so very ignominious to go back empty-handed after coming so far. I could not bear to do such a thing."

"Just for once you might. I don't like to leave you and Lesbia alone in this solitary place."

"We are very comfortable. What could happen here to hurt us?"

"Some one might come and beg. Is not that the hood of a black cloak, showing above the stone wall, up there?"

"I see nothing but a red heifer's back."

"The cloak has disappeared this minute, but it was there."

"There may be a girl watching her heifer, but what then? Even Lesbia is inured to beggars by this time. And go back to Cousin Anne without the water-lilies I will not. So, if you decline the walk, Mr. Thornley, I shall have to go myself."

"Suppose I don't find any lilies?"

"You must bring some leaves to show that you have been really there, or we won't speak to you."

"If I go, I shall make all the haste I can to get back again."

"There is no need. Pelham will be quite an hour walking to the lake, and we may as well wait here as at the landing-place, and we had much rather be alone. Do go, Mr. Thornley."

"He has gone off in a huff," said Lesbia, as her brother walked away. "What did make you so determined, Ellen? You have frightened me, for I know you have a reason for wanting to be alone; you look so eager. What are you listening for now? I hear something—a voice singing down there. Oh, I must call John to come back; I am frightened."

"No, dear Lesbia, don't. There's nothing to fear. I did want to get rid of your brother, I confess. Some one is waiting for me down there with whom I must speak a word or two alone. You may well look surprised. I will explain afterwards fully, and only say now that it's news of Connor I expect, and Anne O'Flaherty's servant, lame Murdock, who will bring it me."

"But I don't see him—there's no one near."

"Yes, listen. The voice singing seems to come from under the ground, but the place we are sitting on is really the roof of a cave that runs far into

the hill. The opening is in the hollow, to the left of us, under the rock ledge. It was once used as a still, and a rough shed was built out from the mouth of the cave, but you can't see it, because it is hidden by those tall piles of turf. I can scramble down to it in five minutes, and shall soon be back again."

"But do you mean me to stay here by myself?"

"Dear Babette, I would not ask it of you if it were not Connor's birthday. See, you will have me full in view till I reach the bottom of the hollow, then I shall disappear behind the turf-cutting for a few minutes; but if you put your mouth down to this crack in the ground and call very loud, I should hear you in the cave."

"And you will promise to tell me everything you see and hear when you come back?"

"If I can; and I'll be obliged to you all my life."

Lesbia had a spice of love of adventure and of mystery in her composition that over-ruled her timidity and induced her to consent. She felt like the heroine of one of her old foolish Whitecliffe dreams, when, after watching Ellen's disappearance under the hollow of the hill, she looked round on the solitary scene with a little thrill that had just enough fear in it to make it exciting. Pelham had passed quite out of sight, and John's figure had dwindled to a black spot in the green valley at her feet. Round her, on all sides, were solitary hill slopes, overlooked by dark, solemn mountain peaks. A large-winged bird was hovering high in the air above her head, whirling in great curves, and poising as if it were about to swoop down upon her. An eagle? Yes, it must be one of the eagles Ellen had told her of that had their eyry on Lanna-Weel, and swooped down for prey on to the little islands in the lonely lakes. The thought made Lesbia's pulses beat wildly till a few rapid strokes of the wide wings took the black hovering body up, up, till it looked hardly bigger than a lark in the blue sky. Then she

settled herself with her elbows on her knees and her chin between her hands, to wait and think, and forbid herself to grow frightened at her loneliness. She had a pleasant sense of self-importance to counteract the solemnity of the scene, which might otherwise have been oppressive, for had not one admirer just left her with a sufficient show of reluctance, and did not this adventure promise tidings of that other lover, who, at all events, professed devotion enough to satisfy anybody? Had she ever, in the old stocking-darning days at Whitecliffe—before she had ever seen anybody, in particular, when the day-dreams were woven in and out to suit the fancies of the moment—invented any beginning of a story for herself more gratifying to self-love than this? Was she not now actually acting out her own longings? Babette heaved a great sigh as the question rose in her mind—a sigh that was a testimony to the pleasantness of the old dreams, and to the much paler colours in which reality was painted. Ah, yes; but though it had come, it was not what she thought it would be. She had not imagined it all round. The dream-people who loved her gratified her vanity, and that was all. They never puzzled her, or made her anxious, or by anything they said awoke in her heart that troublesome yearning sympathy so much nearer pain than joy, that she was ready to wish it away even while she watched for the words and the looks that brought it. In her dreams it would have been to the eager, out-spoken, gay-tempered lover she would have given her preference. She should never have imagined it of herself that her thoughts would turn back and back, not to the pleasant flattery of which she could always have as much as she pleased, but to a few puzzling, hesitating, grudgingly-spoken words, brimful of feeling, which seemed always to call on her for a deeper response than she was ready to make. In real life she found it was not to be all taking; there was a troublesome call for giving which threatened to draw her out of her old

self-centred existence into a region of thought and emotion she had not meant to come near for a long time yet. Dreaming was much easier. Why could she not choose the flattering homage that put her back into shadow-land, and did not offer or exact any troublesome amount of feeling on either side? Lesbia grew so absorbed in her self-debate, which did not really come in set phrases, but in vague suggestions, hard to catch and fix into any shape of words, that she did not perceive how long the time of Ellen's absence was. Neither did she notice that for some minutes past the red heifer's back had ceased to be the only conspicuous object behind the stone wall, being overtopped by a tall, awkward-looking figure, draped about the head with a black cloak, which, after regarding her deliberately for some time from behind that fortress, began gradually to draw into closer and closer neighbourhood to herself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE low singing which had attracted Ellen's attention had ceased by the time she had accomplished her descent into the hollow behind the hill, and come in view of the turf shed, whose green roof was so exactly like the ground above as to make its neighbourhood unsuspected till seen from below. She had spoken the truth to Lesbia when she said she expected to find Murdock Malachy in the cave, for from the top of the hill she had observed that he did not follow the road to the hollow, and she had little doubt that this secret rendezvous in the hills was his real destination. But it was a more exciting hope than that of getting information of Connor's movements from him that induced her to get rid of her companions and venture on a visit to the mountain cave. She was on the look-out for signals, and in the muffled sounds that seemed to come from the depth of the earth, she had caught a note or two of a song that used to be a watchword between herself and Connor when they

played at brigands and rebels in their childish days. All was still, however, when she reached the door of the dilapidated cabin that covered the opening into the cave, and she paused a moment, half afraid to enter. There were marks of men's footsteps—shod feet—on the wet ground round the door, and a thin cloud of peat smoke was oozing through its crevices. There might be more than one or two people within—dare she knock? Again the song broke out in a sweet rich voice and accent too refined for Murdock Malachy's.

"Yes, it was Connor's signal. She knocked gently; there was a short delay as if some barricades were being removed; the door was opened a little way, and she heard Murdock's voice exclaiming joyfully, "It's Miss Eileen herself, sir," and then she stepped across the threshold, and Murdock shut the door quickly behind her. She found herself in a low shed, having at its end a dark chamber that ran for some distance under the hill. Light poured in dusky streaks from the crevices in the roof and between the loose stones of which the walls were built, struggling with the smoke of the peat-fire that burned dimly in the lower chamber and filled the place with a bewildering blue haze. In the centre was a table composed of two empty casks turned on end. A candle stuck in a hole of one cast a flickering light upon some papers with which the person who rose at the sound of Murdock's voice had been occupied. For a moment Ellen only saw a tall grey-coated figure and a head covered with a mass of sunny hair, that looked exactly like what she had expected to see; and she came forward holding out both hands.

"Connor, you naughty boy, why do you run such risks?"

And then, as the haze cleared and the figure approaching her passed under a streak of sunshine, she paused. It was not Connor.

"A great deal more like my father than either of his sons," the sentence of Connor's letter that had moved her so much when first read, flashed back

into her mind, but not to win entire acquiescence. She saw the strong likeness, but this face on which the dusty sunshine fell had a look of fire and endurance about it—a mingling of sadness and eagerness; a possibility of strong, stern passion expressed in its marked lines, that gave it an altogether different character from the playful, satirical, indolent face of Dermot Daly. The two who had come so suddenly into each other's presence stood still in silence for a few seconds, not embarrassed, but each curiously and intently scanning the other—he, with eyes penetrating and kindly, that seemed to be taking her measure; and she, glancing up, half attracted and half awed, as she realized that this was the leader to whom Connor at least, and how many others, had given themselves up, the possible hero and deliverer in whom Connor devoutly believed.

"It's Miss Eileen herself, sir," Murdock put in, thinking from the silence that some further ceremony of introduction was due.

"My cousin Ellen Daly, of whom, as 'Miss Eileen herself,' I have heard every day since I came here," the stranger said, putting out his hand, and Ellen gave hers, not wondering any longer, now she had seen the smile that altered the whole face as her name was spoken, either at Connor's description or at his infatuation. She had heard and read of heroes and leaders to follow the light of whose smile thousands were ready to face danger and death. Was this one of them? And what, in these terrible times, was he here to do?

"But where is Connor? I came here expecting to meet my brother," she said.

"Did you not meet him out on the hill? Murdock reported your neighbourhood just now, and nothing would serve your brother but he must borrow a cloak of the old woman who is cooking our dinner in the cave there, and go up on to the hill for the chance of getting a word with you in private. There is a secret way through the cave where the old still used to be, to a trap-door

that
hill.
song
him
"
could
erly
way
treat
my
see.
and
along
world
who
mat
min
"
but
neit
"
enou
"
broth
he.
eith
on,
do
thin
mos
spea
one
thro
mal
ther
"
con
whi
am
suc
mis
It
just
way
not
enco
"
lett
mo
the
abl
to
suc
is

that opens behind a stone wall on the hill. He instructed me to sing a certain song at the end of ten minutes to warn him not to stay too long."

"Ah, the cunning of him!" Ellen could not help exclaiming. "How cleverly he has contrived to have his own way in spite of my warnings and entreaties. It was not me at all, it was my friend Miss Maynard he wanted to see. He knew I should follow that song, and so he should secure a word with her alone. I am afraid you have a fellow-worker very difficult to keep in order, who is willing to imperil the gravest matters for any whim that crosses his mind."

"We know that sort well enough; but he is hearty, and troubled with neither doubts nor fears."

"Ah, that's because he does not think enough to have doubts."

"He does not think at all, that brother of yours; the better and happier he. The work we are engaged in needs either people who can think a long way on, far out of ordinary sight, or who do not think at all; and the non-thinkers are the best off, and can go most heartily into it. You see, I am speaking openly to you, taking you for one of the generous sisterhood who have thrown in their lot with ours, and who make our hopes possible by believing them."

"I am not sure that I deserve such confidence," Ellen said, hesitatingly, while tears welled up into her eyes. "I am not one of the women who inspire such enterprises as yours. I can be miserable for Ireland, but that is all. It is not thinking at all with me, it is just feeling, and one cannot feel a long way on, so as to forget the present, and not count the cost. I am not brave enough to be one of the inspirers."

"Yes you are. I read one of your letters to your brother, and nothing ever moved me so deeply. If to know that the women of one's country are miserable for her degradation is not enough to make the men fight—if the tears of such as you are not enough, then there is nothing left to fight for. We shall

never be a nation again; we are too dead for hope. But it is not so, we mean you to triumph for Ireland just as deeply as you have grieved."

He took her hand again as he spoke, and stooping down kissed the tips of her fingers. She was startled, but not embarrassed; it was so clearly a homage to her feeling, and not to herself, rendered by one possessed by a single thought and quivering with every touch of emotion that answered to it, for there to be room for personal consciousness to come in.

She was anxious to end the interview, however, for Connor's rashness frightened her, and she dreaded Mr. Thornley's finding him with Lesbia.

"I wish Connor would come," she said; "I want to speak a word with him, though it will only be to warn him against imprudence. Did you not say there was a shorter way of getting out on the hill-side than by climbing round the edge of the hollow?"

"Yes, if you can scramble up an old chimney; but here is your brother coming feet foremost among the peat sods. That is one of our ways of exit and entrance here. You see, we don't scruple to let you into the secrets of the place."

Ellen had a severe remonstrance ready, but when Connor emerged from the blackness at the end of the cave—his merry face looking out of the folds of the old cloak still wrapped round his head—her anger vanished; she had nothing to say as she threw her arms round his neck but "Oh, Connor, Connor, how could you do it?"

"How could I do what? Play such a nice game at hide-and-seek with you, Eileen aroon, on my birthday?"

"Little enough I came into your thoughts. Have you frightened Lesbia out of her wits?"

"Not at all, it was thinking too much of me the darling girl was, to be surprised to see me; I have made her own it. Was she to keep my birthday, and I not to appear out of the earth by magic to thank her?"

"If she were the same little Babette

she was last year, and not a great heiress, and if we did not owe so much to her brother, I would not mind your nonsensical wooing; but as it is—don't hate me, Connor dear—I shall be obliged to warn Mr. Thornley, if you hang about her and try to get round her in secret ways. I cannot let him go away to England and leave Lesbia under our care, unless you will promise to keep out of the way."

"He is going away to England! Hurrah! Once let us get rid of his meddling hands and prying eyes, and we'll do some good here, D'Arcy and I."

"But I shall warn him of your doings with Lesbia, and he'll stay."

"You have not the heart. Think what I'll do for the cause if I get her and her thousands to help us."

"It would be base. Ask your friend what he would think of such conduct."

"Ask him I will, and welcome; he's too stanch to stick at anything that would help on the cause. Would you have him weigh the good of the country against a dirty bit of money of anyone's?"

"Well, I have warned you; and now I must go. Mr. Thornley will be back and miss me."

"How cleverly you got rid of him. I heard it all behind the wall, and did not I tingle with impatience till Pelham was fairly off? It was awkward your bringing him here to-day. He possibly might have taken it into his head to refresh his memory with a look round, and if he had put his head in here, would not he have got even a bigger fright than he had when he first made acquaintance with the place?"

"Was Pelham ever here?"

"Have you forgotten Lictor? This is Dennis's old still; and here, just where you are standing, was where Lictor was shot."

"I hate to think of it, Connor; it seems as if that was the beginning of all our troubles."

"It can't be helped now. Come on. I'll take you round the edge of the hill. If Mr. Thornley is there, he won't know me from an old woman, with the

cloak round my head; and I'll answer for little Lesbia having presence of mind to toss me a halfpenny."

As they left the shed, Ellen shook hands with D'Arcy.

"I am glad to have seen you, cousin," she said.

"And I you, if we never meet again. I have too few belonging to me not to value every chance of changing my dreams of them to remembrances, above anything else that concerns myself."

"There, what do you think of him?" cried Connor, triumphantly, when they had emerged into daylight again.

"I like him. I see what you mean about his having power 'to draw all creatures living under the sun, after him, so as you never saw,' like the Pied Piper."

"And he'll do it to some purpose one day, Eileen aroon: it was quite as much to show him to you as to speak with Lesbia, that I wiled you in there. Is not he glorious? I should like Cousin Anne to see him."

"Why can't you both go like Christians and stay with Cousin Anne, instead of lurking in caves and dens of the earth like——"

"Patriots as we are. No, no; we have too much conscience to involve Cousin Anne unbeknown to herself in our lawless doings; but, Ellen, he wants beyond anything to see the inside of Castle Daly. His mother used to talk to him about the place when he was a little lad in the wilds of America, and he thinks all the world of it. I have promised him he shall at least see our old school-room, and the black-framed likeness of Aunt Ellen that hangs over the chimney-piece."

"Impossible, Connor; you could not take him secretly to the Thornleys' house."

"Could not I? What do you say to my having found the key to the little door in the north turret, convenient in the pocket of an old coat the very day I left Dublin? I have been in and out that way often enough to know it, I suppose."

"But the rooms are altered; the

north wing is seldom used, and the door of communication at the head of the turret stairs is generally locked."

"It will be open, you'll see, on the night we pay you a visit, when you'll have the little trifle of money we spoke about ready for me. I can't possibly get back to Dublin without it, I assure you."

"Connor, I can't let you draw Lesbia into deceit."

"Give me credit for a grain of conscience, at least; we are not so badly off for followers that we need enlist her little frightened wits into our service. I flatter myself that there are servants in Castle Daly still that would do a good deal more for me than for their master. Ask Miss Maynard where she thinks the little bunch of forget-me-nots she found on her dressing-table this morning came from."

"Connor, it's too bad. I believe it's all joke with you. I quarrelled with Mr. Thornley a few minutes ago for accusing us of playing at rebellion; but I do think it's nothing but play with you."

"Well—he—the fellow in there, has grim earnest for the two of us; and for the rest, don't be rash. Some day, perhaps, when the opportunity comes, you'll see whether it's most earnest or play with me. I don't think I'll be the worse for getting all the fun I can out of what comes in my way now. It's little enough pleasure there is in life this year for any one. There, put your foot on my knee for the last scramble up the cliffs and over the wall. And now I'd better vanish, but don't be too down-hearted. You have not seen quite the last of me." He disappeared for an instant, but before Ellen had gone many steps forward down the slope of the hill, his head wrapped in the old cloak again emerged from the shelter of the wall, and he called her back to whisper, "Remember, she believes firmly that I came all the way from Dublin for the sake of seeing her for ten minutes on my birthday; and if you undeceive her you'll make me no better than a spy and an informer, and drive me to hang myself. I've warned you fairly."

Ellen found Lesbia still occupying

the precise spot where she had left her, and looking as demure as if she had been employed the whole time of her absence in gathering sprays of sundew, and spreading out the little rayed discs on her hand as she was doing then.

"Did you—did you find the person you thought would give you news of Connor?" she asked, peeping shyly up into Ellen's face from under her eyelashes as Ellen seated herself by her side.

In spite of fear, vexation, and anxiety, Ellen could not help bursting out into a hearty laugh.

"Babette, at least you and I need not humbug each other. I want to tell you how sorry I am that Connor should have been so silly and taken such a liberty with you."

"I suppose it was silly, such a waste of time, when he ought to have been studying. Bride and John would be very much annoyed if they knew; they would never think I was safe again."

"Nobody ever is very angry with Connor, but he really deserves their anger and yours."

"Of course I am very angry. Yet perhaps one can hardly call it a liberty. It was a long journey to take just for the chance of seeing one for a few minutes. I don't think I ever heard of such a thing being done for any one before—did you?"

"Only a wild boy like Connor would be so foolish; it is not worth thinking about."

"Oh! I shall certainly not think of it again, nor mention it to John and Bride. It is better not to make them anxious—don't you think so?"

"Of course, I had rather not have my brother's folly exposed; but you must do as you think right, Lesbia; I dare not ask you not to tell."

"One does not like every little thing that happens to one to be thought of consequence, just because one happens to be an heiress," said Lesbia, pouting a little.

"It would be nothing to me, if it were not my brother Connor, for whom I always feel responsible," said Ellen.

"Ah, well, let us clamber down into the road and set out to meet John, and think no more about it. You will not tell your brother Pelham; he must not know, of course. But—but I wonder what he would think if he heard that anybody, say the silliest person in the world, had travelled right across Ireland just to speak to poor little me, on his birthday. *He* would wonder that anyone should think it worth while, would not he?"

"I am sure I don't know. We had better walk on and hasten Mr. Thornley's movements. Look at the length of our shadows, it must be very late; Pelham will be tired of waiting for us at the landing-place."

When John appeared at last, he had to confess to having managed to sprain his ankle badly in leaping back to the shore of the lake from the island of water-lilies. He brought a large cluster of buds and flowers, but it only needed a glance in his face to see that the return walk along the rough road with the injured ankle had been a severe struggle. Lesbia's flushed cheeks escaped notice under cover of concern at her brother's accident; and during the next uncomfortable hour—while John Thornley limped along the road, frowning with pain and making strenuous efforts to keep up cheerful conversation with his companions, which neither of them could second—Ellen was brought to reproach herself for a feeling of relief that had come to her on the first sight of Mr. Thornley's condition. She began to be sorry for his sufferings, though she could not help still hugging the thought that now at least for some days to come Connor and his friend would be safe from observation

of the keenest-witted person in the neighbourhood, and that her difficulty about accepting the charge of Lesbia might now be left to settle itself. It was a real relief at last when the boat was reached and Mr. Thornley subsided into a seat and allowed that he did not think he could have held on many minutes longer. He was quite beyond talking when the necessity for exertion was over, and lay back faint and pale, while Lesbia sat by him and sprinkled him with water, and Ellen and Pelham took the oars.

The sun had reached his point of disappearance behind Lac-y-Core by the time they entered the lake; the little island, with its ivy-draped ruin, that, seen in sunshine from the hill, had glowed like an emerald in its setting of opal water, looked dark and imposing now in deep shadow. The eastern distance lay painted in every delicate tint, from intense purple to softest lilac and grey-blue; the bare tops of the Maam Turks, with the sun behind them, stood out against a cloudless sky in a wondrous haze of crimson fire, their rough outlines softened and clothed with a marvellous tender beauty that belonged to the atmosphere and the hour.

Mr. Thornley dragged himself up from the recumbent position which Lesbia had enjoined on him, to enjoy the scene.

"Glamour, is it not?" he said, smiling to Ellen. "One would think oneself sailing straight to the fortunate isles to live on lotus-fruit in peace for ever. Who would think it was all bog and rock, and swamp and water?"

"And famine and strife and woe!" Ellen continued to herself. "And oh! were the high hopes and the generous purposes glamour too?"

To be continued.

WORKHOUSE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

THE inquiry¹ recently made by government authority into the state of Workhouse Schools, and the career of the scholars who leave them, offers a curious study in one of the most accessible parts of our social Borderland. Not a lawless, pathless region, but one so distinctly under authority, that there can be no question at all about the duty of never resting till we have done the best we can with it. We all know, though it is painful to acknowledge it, that the lowest grades of our national life are in a measure supplied from above. The workman, improvident, incapable, vicious, or perhaps only unfortunate, becomes a pauper, the pauper too often sinks a step farther into the "dangerous classes" of the slums and the prisons. It is a great thing to stop this descent at any point, but the downward impetus is often so strong that the man *will* go to the bottom before he can even pause. He is, after all, his own master; it is common but not true to say that circumstances conquer him; he chooses to be driven by one circumstance and to resist another; you may stretch out your hand, but you cannot make him clasp it.

But it is otherwise with the children whose life is yet to come. Up to a certain point you can constrain them; from some evils you can absolutely withhold them; to some good you can train or even force them. You can at least set their feet in the upward path; you can give them good habits. This is attempted already. The question is whether you can reach their motives; whether you can make them desire to climb, and fear to fall. This is not yet adequately done; but it cannot be impossible; and one feels sure that it will be at last accomplished.

There are sixteen metropolitan work-

house schools, containing 8,535 children. Of these, the girls, with whom only we are at present concerned, amount to 3,846. More than 300 pass out of the schools into service every year. Just imagine it! Three hundred women annually poured out of these schools into the working classes of the metropolitan districts. It is a thing to think about. Apart from any consideration for the future women themselves, it is a considerable leaven for good or for evil, infused just where its effects will be most felt. When we look at those Palaces of Pauperdom, which we have erected for the children, and consider the enormous sums expended on them, and on the system which they represent, it is worth while to ask whether we are using all this cumbrous and costly machinery for no better purpose than that of lifting a class for a few years out of the abyss, only in order to drop them into it again. Let us look fairly at the answer to this uncomfortable question. Mrs. Senior's investigation has been thorough, patient, and impartial. She has personally examined the schools, with a minuteness of inspection, and yet in a spirit of sympathy for all concerned—of large allowance for difficulties and hopeful estimate of results—about which there cannot be two opinions. She went through the dormitories of one of the largest establishments at half-past five in the morning (a feat which can hardly be contemplated without a shudder), that she might judge for herself of the air-conditions under which the young creatures are growing up. She visited boarded-out children both in England and Scotland; she and her staff inquired into the present position and character of 650 girls, placed in 1871 and 1872, and traced out 51 who left the schools in 1868. Inquiries were also made at

¹ Report on the Condition and Results of Pauper School Training, by Mrs. Nassau Senior.

institutions and refuges, where it might be expected that some of those who have gone wrong and passed out of sight would eventually drift. There are thus ample materials for forming a judgment upon the system, and they are chosen under the most favourable conditions. If the per-centage which begins to sink in the first five years after the school has set them afloat be considerable, what would it be after ten or twenty years? What is the judgment to which we are compelled after full consideration? Let a few facts be stated, and it will be scarcely necessary to pronounce it.

The first fact which confronts us ought to be encouraging. It is that a very large number of these children are absolutely in our hands, to be moulded, so far as education can mould, according to our will. Orphans and deserted children are literally the "children of the state;" they know no other parentage. Often they are under state-training from infancy up to that quaint maturity of fourteen years, at which they are supposed to be fitted for their work in the world. Whatever can be done by care and teaching during those years, we ought to do for them. Let it be granted at once that even in these we have material below the average. The children of pauper parents are at a disadvantage from the beginning. Even in this country where, and where alone, pauperdom is a great national institution, its members have little but evil to bequeath. The tendencies, physical, mental, and moral, are nearly all downwards. But surely it is the business of education to substitute good tendencies for bad. The question is here how to infuse good tendencies into this particular class of children, this and no other, with all its difficulties around it.

If a law of nature in the material world is the subject of inquiry, what indefatigable perseverance in observation and experiment, what eager candour, what prompt rejection of failures, what jealous examination of apparent successes, are brought to the work! The finest and most cultivated intellects in the world are content to spend years in

verifying their approaches to a truth which perhaps they never quite reach. They are not content to accept any hypothesis which does not satisfy all conditions and account for all facts. This patient aspiration of the scientific spirit is not less necessary for the solution of abstruse social and moral problems. One wants to see all disabilities, checks, failures, and catastrophes, all improvements and reforms now stopped by that sentence of death, "It is impracticable," set as so many questions, to each of which there is an answer which it is our business to find. It cannot be doubted that if thus stated and faced, there is mind enough in the country to discover how they may be conquered, and spirit enough to conquer them.

The first step is to ascertain what it is that the schools are now doing. We examine the reports on those who have been completely trained, for periods varying from seven to thirteen years, after their first year in service, and we are struck with the remarkable uniformity both in good and bad qualities. Differences are rather in degree than in kind; the type is the same everywhere. If we were classing the children like plants, we should not be far wrong in enumerating the following characteristics:—"Workhouse girl in service. Below average height and development. Well taught in the elements of religion, in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Sullen, violent, and unmanageable in temper. Apathetic when not out of temper. Ignorant of all practical matters, and deficient in aptitude for learning. Self-possessed. Hard. Untruthful. A good-tempered variety is occasionally to be found, but it is very rare." In this classification the usual faults of young servant-girls—slovenliness, dirty and careless habits, unconscientiousness in work—are not noticed, because they are universal, and it is the training of actual service by which they are cured, if they ever are cured. But it is remarkable that these, which might be supposed to be the special evils attendant upon unsystematic home life, are found to exist even more strongly

where the pressure of system has pervaded the whole life from first to last.

Now it is not probable that all these children inherit languor and violence from their parents. Two marks so prevalent and so peculiar must surely belong to the stamp under which they all have passed. Moreover the little ones are, when in fair health, as lively as other babies—full of chatter and glee. There must be something in the educational process to which they are subjected which gradually stifles that vital energy which is the most precious of all qualities, the basis of moral health, the condition of future improvement. We do not find apathy as a characteristic of the lowest class of young servants, taken out of the poorest homes, except where there is disease, or great debility. What is there in the workhouse-school system which differs from all other modes of training, and bears fruit so rotten at the core? We have not far to look. There is first the dealing in huge masses with material which more than any other requires discrimination; and, secondly, the exclusion (with one remarkable exception) of all outward, one might almost say, of all indirect and spontaneous, influences whatsoever. If a quantity of refuse (the word is used in no contemptuous or unkind spirit, but the parallel is close) be collected within four walls, and all the windows shut, what kind of atmosphere would the chemists who are engaged in purifying it expect to find? The largest of these schools contains 714 girls. Ask any decent mother in the world whether she would voluntarily send her daughter into such a place. How would she meet her child—the child of prayers and kisses—after two years spent in such an atmosphere? Those who are brought up in this atmosphere are not the children of prayers and kisses. They need every device that can be imagined for quickening and maintaining the better life within them which is ready to perish from the first. The circumstances in which they are growing should be, if we could so arrange them, nothing less than a series of personal appeals to the affec-

tions and the conscience. There is no lack of such appeals in the lowest form of family life, with all its defects and temptations. They are indirect, spontaneous, inevitable, and therein lies their wholesomeness. But in an absolutely artificial system such as this, circumstances do not arise, they are provided. Nothing happens without intention; no need, duty, incentive, comes upon the child unawares. It is an existence without opportunities. Except in cases where evil has been directly taught, the meanest home will send out a creature, ignorant and faulty it may be, but far healthier, far more capable, far more human, than the items in this vast unnatural conglomerate, beset as they have been through all their time of growth with careful direct instruction in good and useful things which they neither relish nor assimilate.

It is the system, not the administration which is in fault. Its results bear a quite pathetic testimony to the zeal, patience, and conscientiousness of masters, matrons, chaplains, and officials in general. They are overworked, and in many instances lamentably underpaid. For the work demanded of them needs moral qualifications of so high an order, to say nothing of tact, judgment, and common sense, that the positions should be made in all respects, according to their degree, such as highly qualified persons may be willing to accept. With a few exceptions, and with some unavoidable shortcomings, we may fairly say of them on the whole that they are doing, or have done, whatever it is possible to do under the fatal conditions imposed upon them. The children are better taught than the average child of like age at a village school. They are never cowed; there is nothing about them to indicate that they have been subjected to any sort of oppression or tyranny. These are no *Oliver Twists*—little seraphs under heavy weights, whose wings begin to sprout as soon as the weights are withdrawn. They are plants which the gardeners have not ceased to water and tend, but which have been set in a soil that cannot

nourish, and debarred from light and air, so that when brought at last into the common conditions of life, they are unable to take advantage of them.

The want of homes and of holidays removes from these children the natural corrective to the evils inseparable from all large boarding-schools. A girl may hate her school; she may really suffer in it; it may be a bad school; but so long as she has something else to look to, it will not injure her so deeply or so permanently as a good school does, from which there is no escape even in thought, and which necessarily becomes a prison. It is earnestly hoped that this will not be taken as a sentimental grievance, and that such expressions as imprisonment and exclusion of light and air will not be esteemed mere figures of speech. They may be taken in their fullest import; they represent facts. It is not too much to say that if you could look into the mind of an ordinary boarding-school girl, you would find the holiday and the home always there; at one time prominent, at another in the background, but never absent. That hope and that imagination are for ever stirring the waters which might otherwise become stagnant. It is impossible to overrate their preservative and stimulating influence. Of this the workhouse child, orphan or deserted, is of course destitute. She has nothing to think about, to look to, or to long for; she has no little picture in her heart, with all tints softened, and all blots effaced—a picture of a place where she has been, and where she will be again. What has she in her heart? If we could but know! The inscrutable eyes of many growing creatures seem to hold both their past and their future, if we could but read them. But there is a wonderful impenetrability in youth. A public schoolboy would be a deep mystery to most of us, but for an occasional Tom Brown to tell us, after he has become a man, what he and his fellows used to feel, and what was for their hurt and what for their healing. But there is no one to reveal to us what sort of a creature it really is at heart

that is growing up in a workhouse school, to emerge in such a very unsatisfactory state. This much we may be sure of, however: No magic can impart to the courts and corridors of her vast abode the least flavour of home; and she cannot be expected to feel any movements of natural affection towards 713 sisters. Yet these are all she has, or can have. The immense monotony of her regulated life is never broken by any considerable interval of complete change and comparative liberty. The difficulty of providing even a single day's treat is so great that it cannot recur frequently. It is an epoch and a glory when it comes; but it is a school-treat, with school-companions, under school authority. What is it compared to one week of the most uncomfortable home that can be imagined, without actual unkindness? It is with a heart-ache for the matron as for the child that one compares the relation which they bear to each other with a natural tie. Even if she can be supposed to diffuse some faint filmy kind of affection over her 714 babes, how are they to be made to believe in it? A mother cuffs her child without suggesting a permanent idea that she does not love it; but a mistress may lavish caresses without convincing that she does.

Take, then, this great unnatural system with its necessary restraints, its irremediable evils, its enormous deficiencies, and see what can be done under it by way of compensation. The first thing that would occur to any reasonable mind would surely be to admit as much influence as possible from the outside, as many chances as possible of obtaining what it cannot supply from within. But this is precisely what is most rigorously forbidden. You may go to a workhouse school as a mere spectator, but you must go in no other capacity. Not to the infirmary, not to the playground, not to the classes, may you go so as to enter into the life of the children, helping and benefiting them by the wholesomeness of variety, if by nothing else, but only so as to look at them as, what in fact they are, parts of a machine

which is working smoothly, and must on no account be meddled with. The system is to be sufficient to itself; there are to be no inlets, no interruptions, no chance allowed of forming a tie or awakening an interest anywhere beyond the prison walls. It must admit no outside influence, with, as has already been said, one remarkable exception. One force from the world outside is poured into it, freely, frequently, and without check. Surely this should be for unquestionable good? No. It is unmitigated evil, and infused in such a manner that it cannot fail to taint. About a third of the children in these schools are what is called "casual paupers," admitted and discharged as often as their parents please. This has occasionally been as often as eight times within the year; a great wave of corruption always ebbing and flowing within the walls, so jealously guarded against all benign influences. Shut out the sun, for it may tan you, and the wind, for it may chill you; shut out strength, for it is fatiguing, and gaiety, for it is inconvenient; but let in the plague, let in the small-pox, let in vice—there is a place for these in the community. How is the small staff of officials to regulate the intercourse of hundreds of children with each other in the play-yard or the dormitory? They cannot even attempt it. There is no pretence of separation. These outsiders disseminate their experiences as they feel inclined, during the hours of recreation, and during the interval between their own bedtime and that of the dormitory superintendent, an interval which Mrs. Senior tells us is generally without supervision. In respect of the admission of "casuals," the state of the workhouse itself is actually incredible. How so gigantic and palpable a mischief has come to be tolerated by a practical nation one cannot understand. If it did not exist, it would be impossible. Restraints do not deter them, and need not. When they want a "spree" or a "lark," they discharge themselves, and return when they have had it; and there is nothing to prevent them. Whole troops of them,

whose occupation is periodical (as the stitchers and pasters of monthly magazines), spend their entire earnings as fast as they get them, and then settle in the workhouse for the rest of the month. Their children go into the District School to assist in the education of the orphans. The only "home influence" (if it can so be called) which can possibly injure, is the only one admitted; the class which is below the level of that which we wish to raise is the only class which we suffer to mix with it freely! If this cause alone were taken into consideration the wonder might well be, not that the type of character which the schools send out is so low, but that it is not a great deal lower.

About the type itself there should be no mistake. It is not discovered by the present inquiry; it is familiar to all who are brought in contact with the inmates of workhouse schools, though attributed to various causes. Masters and matrons tell you that the peculiar apathy is "in the pauper blood," and you cannot get rid of it. Mistresses of households give you the same fact in every variety of diction, when describing their girl-servants. "You can't make her care." "She's so indifferent." "She takes no interest." "She's like a very old person." "She doesn't mind about anything." "Nothing seems to rouse her." "You can't tell whether she takes pleasure in a thing or not." "She seems to have no wishes." "She never seems to be really fond of anybody," and so forth. The managers of reformatories and refuges tell you that they recognize the workhouse type at a glance, and have less hope of it than of any other. If you inquire further, you get the answer, "They're so hard. Often very plausible; but nothing makes a real impression. You can't touch them." There is no escape from the fact. The heart has never been nourished at all; and it has dwindled away till it is not big enough to beat audibly. Nevertheless we have the remarkable testimony from two managers of refuges, who have suffered much from this unnatural hardness,

that it melts and vanishes, and is sometimes succeeded by passionate affection, if once the girl can be convinced that somebody loves her.

The remarkable prevalence of ill-temper, and the excessive manifestations frequently met with, are more difficult to account for. Here, too, the mistresses are all in a tale. You hear of girls who defy authority; who will "sit half-a-day with folded arms refusing to stir;" who "seem like one possessed" (a phrase of constant recurrence); who are "so violent that one thinks she can't be in her right mind," and so on. One girl tried to stab a fellow-servant, another threw a knife at her master; many are described as flinging the broom or duster across the room when receiving an order; and one, as a sensible and apparently kind mistress told the writer, shrieked, kicked, and clung to every article of furniture in turn, when carried out of the house by a policeman, as the only way of getting rid of her. Of nearly all it is said that they are singularly resentful against authority; taking orders from the mistress only, and not always from her, and indignantly refusing to do anything at the bidding of a grown-up fellow-servant. "I'm as good as you!" is the habitual attitude; and it is always ready to pass into—"I shall do as I like!" To this very unpleasant state of things there are, however, more exceptions than in the case of apathy; and doubtless injudicious mistresses and provoking fellow-servants have something to answer for. Still there can be no doubt that ill-temper is a marked characteristic, and that there are frequently paroxysms for which one can find no parallel in young home-bred servants, but which can only be compared to the "breakings-out" which are a common feature in gaol life. From the schools you hear that pauper children are generally very sullen: "It's born with them." Outbreaks of violence would of course be difficult under school pressure, and coercion would be immediate and effectual. The ungovernable state in which so many of the children emerge, may perhaps be due to the com-

bination of unvarying artificial restraints, with almost equally unvarying patience and kindness under which they have lived. The restraints keep down the natural forces, but do not reach them. They are there—they are only shut up. Cruelty or great severity might stamp them out; but of these there is, happily, no sign. So the child comes out unsubdued, and avenges herself for long subjection by misusing her liberty. There is also a physical element in these paroxysms not easy to explain, but impossible to ignore. Some of Mrs. Senior's excellent suggestions for the recreation of the girls—hearty exercise, lively games, running, swimming, dancing—would probably do a great deal for their tempers, not only by making them happier and healthier, but by furnishing outlets for the nervous excitability of youth.

The first year in service is always a little trying, as every District-Visitor knows. Again and again she sees a girl come back to her family, with vociferous complaints and silent twinges of conscience, not having "done well in her first place." But that coming back to the family is medicinal. There is the poor mother's anxious disappointed face, and probably her past experience to compare with her child's. There is a wholesome mixture of sympathy and scolding. There is the sense of being a burden, and the hope of being a help in one's own home. When a second attempt is made, the difficulties which belong to mere novelty have been overcome; the girl has learnt that she must bear something; and she has before her a vivid picture of her only alternative, if she does not bear the particular something which are irritating her. She must go home again to be a little more scolded and a little less sympathized with, and to feel that she is beginning to be looked upon as "not likely to do well for herself." Probably she braces herself up, and determines to stay in this place till she has got a "character," and so rubs on, better or worse, but at any rate not falling out of the ranks till the day's march is over. But the workhouse girl in service has none of these

natural helps. The kinsfolk who sometimes emerge from unknown depths to claim connection with her are probably her worst advisers. The reason why many a girl of average promise loses her situation, goes astray, and finally sinks, is to be found in the utter disreputableness of the relations who come about her. The school, to which in some instances she may return, the system of prizes for good service, the occasional visits of chaplain or matron, are all good as far as they go; but they are utterly insufficient; and the cases are rare in which a real hold upon her is maintained. A staff of ladies, entering into the practical life of the school, acquainting themselves with the children, as a District-Visitor acquaints herself with the families under her charge, and keeping up connection with them after they are out in the world, would be a great help. But of this more hereafter.

There is another remarkable defect to be noticed. It is Helplessness. Not mere ignorance of household work, awkwardness and slovenliness, slowness of wit, or any other bad habit or natural incapacity common among young servant girls; but a curious sort of cloistral inaptitude for all practical work and knowledge, for which there is no word but Helplessness, and which certainly ought not to be the result of training in an Industrial School. Everything in the school has been done on a great scale; all appliances have been ready to hand; there has been no contrivance, no hurry, no self-dependence. The girls come out, after having been taught to scrub, to sweep, to wash, to sew, without the slightest idea how to set about any one of these operations; they can neither begin nor finish; and the strangest part of it is, that the difficulty of teaching them is often almost insuperable; and that a younger child who has never had a scrubbing-brush in her hand, will beat them in a week, if a little pains is taken with her. They are also profoundly ignorant of the value of money and of property; and they seem to be incapable of thrift, whether on their own account or their mistress's.

No. 181.—VOL. XXXI.

They will destroy their clothes to escape the trouble of mending them. All through the plastic early time they have been settling into this mould. The mark is therefore almost indelible. We cannot be surprised when we hear of a mistress who would sooner send her daughter of seven on an errand than her servant of seventeen; or of the fairly intelligent woman of twenty, who told Mrs. Senior that she always took a companion with her when she went shopping, as she found it impossible to learn how to form a judgment about "articles." Everything provided and measured; everything uniform and new; no makeshifts, no adaptations; no personal experiences! Again we see how the heavy artificial system flattens the whole being. What growth can be expected from a pavement?

Mrs. Senior has a hundred humane and ingenious suggestions, which might be introduced into the schools as they now are, and which there is not time to notice with more than a word of sympathy. More play, more variety, and more rewards; a system of earning, by which ambition might be stimulated and thrift taught; a better class of persons engaged to teach household work; a much larger amount of freedom in action given to masters and matrons. But two very important schemes of change require special attention. First, it is proposed that one of the great District Schools should, as an experiment, be set apart for infants, who, to use Mrs. Senior's expressive word, require chiefly to be "mothered;" that it should be arranged in groups of manageable number, each with its own nurse, the whole governed by a lady of education and refinement. Further, that the entire work of the house, and personal tending of the little ones should be done under the nurses by girls from the District Schools, who at twelve years of age should be transferred to the infant establishment, there to complete their training. It will be seen at a glance by any who accept the view which has been here offered of present defects, how aptly this plan would meet and correct them, so far as is possible

without a radical change. A girl coming into the infant establishment would be trained to domestic occupations of all sorts; an interest and a charge would be provided for her; her daily work would furnish some natural appeals to conscience and affection; and there would be some field for the display and correction of individual character. An hour or two's evening school after the babies were safe in bed would be quite enough for the intellectual part of education; the life would be far more varied, far happier, healthier, and more natural than it is possible to make it now; and it is difficult not to feel sure that the results would be far more satisfactory. This plan might come into operation at once, the only practical difficulty being the provision of a sufficient number of trustworthy nurses.

The other scheme (see Appendix H.) is more elaborate. It is for the formation of a "Young Servants' Guild; a friendly society, not restricted to the pauper class, but embracing all homeless girls, and as many ladies interested in them as can be induced to join it, and with a central home under a lady-superintendent, at which all girls leaving District Schools should be registered, and could be temporarily received when out of place. This part of the machinery is intended to be under government, and authoritatively connected with the workhouse system. But the ladies of the Guild are to form themselves into voluntary societies, each with a local President, in correspondence with the Head, for the consideration of all questions affecting the welfare of young homeless servants; for visiting them in their places, looking after them when sick or in trouble, and trying to establish affectionate relations with them. It would be easy and desirable to attach some privileges to membership, and to provide arrangements for meetings, treats, expeditions, and the like; also to carry on in connection with it the usual operations of a Provident Society, with deposits and interest.

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of this Guild would be the difficulty

of inducing the girls themselves to take an interest in it, or to refer to the central home after they became their own mistresses. The contrary pull, especially in the case of those with bad relations, would be very strong. The present writer believes that the only chance of success for this or any other plan of amelioration would be to begin the work within the District Schools. Till those inexorable walls come down, light cannot enter. The Local Society should have free access to the infirmary, the play-yard, and the Sunday School, and the ladies should set themselves to establish friendly terms with the children, each visitor taking her own department, registering their names, and making herself as intimate with them as possible. Each lady might be allowed, under proper restrictions, to provide treats for her own "class," to make them little presents, and to receive them from time to time at her own house. A relation would thus be established with a girl before her first service; she would feel that she belonged to a friend, who would be pained by her failure, and interested in her success, and whose face would be so familiar that there would be a hope of her not shrinking from it in any trouble or temptation.

The invasion of a District School by an army of ladies might cause inconvenience and disturbance to the authorities, and the ladies would probably make some blunders and give some fair grounds of offence. But the test of such a plan is not in its convenience at the time, but in its effect upon the characters of the children afterwards. If the standard is raised, and the number of those who reach or approach it increased, it is a minor matter that the matron should have been "put out," and the regular course of the day interrupted. Routine is sometimes as enervating as luxury, and a lost pin may be as great a trouble as a ruffled roseleaf. But these things must be disregarded; the schools do not exist for the sake of their orderliness; and the only possible plea which any system can

advance for complete immunity from disturbance would seem to be the plea that it has completely succeeded.

The great difficulty and laboriousness of official life in these institutions is by no means ignored here. Those who know anything of children will admit that any child, developing freely and naturally, will not try the patience of the adult in charge of it less than once in every twenty-four hours. Imagine seven hundred and fourteen separate provocations every day for ever! There is no refuge except to prevent the free and natural development of the child; which is only another way of saying that you must have strict discipline and unchangeable order when you are dealing with immense masses; which is only another way of saying that children ought not to be dealt with in immense masses at all, except for short intervals. The fundamental vice of the system meets you at every turn, and all contrivances for counteracting it are only makeshifts. To separate the casuals entirely from the permanent inmates, to board out in families a large proportion of the orphans, would seem to be the first step towards any radical or complete improvement. But meantime let us at least try to put the first thing in the first place, and not treat the conditions of a work as if they were its object. The displacement even of ten minutes may, it is true, set the matron's whole day wrong, for every minute of that day is often fuller than it can properly hold. But the infirmary and the play-yard are not affected by this consideration. If it could once be admitted that the artificial system is an evil, and that great part of its failure is fairly chargeable upon itself, devices for improving it would have fair play, and we should hear no more of the absurd theory that it is to be sufficient in itself, and the children are not to be taught to look beyond it. And it would be strange indeed if the devices for improving it could not be themselves improved by experiment, so as to do their work properly. Masters and matrons might be invited to state their objections to a

system of visiting, and those objections, after due consideration and sifting, might be made the basis of rules for the guidance of the visitors. Greater independence, a wider range of judgment, and power to decide on cases as they arise, are very much to be desired for the masters and matrons. The higher the class out of which these can be supplied, the freer the scope which can be allowed them in their difficult task, the better it will be for the school. But then shortcomings must be sharply looked after, and failures inexorably noted.

Nothing has been here said of sanitary regulations, or of the boarding-out system, except by implication. On both the report should be studied, and it will be seen what strange defects are tolerated, and how close the unused remedy lies. From the larger schools, Mrs. Senior tells us, ophthalmia is never absent. We know what it has been at Anerley, and it is by no means extirpated there. Yet at the Convent Orphanage at Lower Norwood, with 350 children from the lowest classes, and no excess of room, ophthalmia as an epidemic is unknown. Strumous ophthalmia is often found in children when first admitted, as must always be the case in establishments of this kind, but it is always cured, and it never spreads. Why the difference? One side of it is easily explained. If strumous ophthalmia is discovered in a child when it is received into the convent, it is immediately and completely separated from the others in a ward at the top of the house; absolute cleanliness, a very generous diet, and perfect freedom in running about the woods are the regimen. With a light bandage over the eyes, and a little local treatment, the cure is soon effected. The conclusion seems irresistible.

The boarding-out system is properly applicable to orphans only, and even with that restriction it might be difficult to find a sufficient number of respectable families to receive the children. But wherever it has been tried on right principles the success has been so complete, that one can only wish to see it extended as far as possible. Its good

would be twofold, as it would reduce the numbers within the schools, though not by withdrawing the worst element. Still, if we could board-out the orphans, place the casuals in a Reformatory, separate the infants, admit the ladies, raise the character and the salaries of all officials, and make them responsible to a special government officer, and not to Boards of Guardians, we should have made a great step in the direction in which all such efforts ought to tend—namely, towards the gradual extinction of pauperism. For whatever the view as to adult paupers, there cannot be a doubt that the only hope of raising a child out of pauperism is to fit it thoroughly for a better condition.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

NOTE.—Since this article was finished the writer has read with much interest Messrs. Tufnell and Mozley's Reports on Pauper Education, published in the Appendix to the Blue Book for 1873-4. These gentlemen deal very properly almost exclusively with the training of boys, and the special girl-questions considered by Mrs. Senior are very little affected by their statements. But it is curious to see how close the parallel is—indeed many of Mr. Mozley's conclusions and suggestions are identical with Mrs. Senior's, and the confirmation coming thus independently is peculiarly valuable. Of the boys, as of the girls, we find that "indolence, vacancy, and stupidity are the chief faults," that industrial training is strangely ineffective (p. 268), that they need to be taught how to play, and that more energy and freedom are desirable everywhere. We are delighted to find that Mr. Mozley wishes for outside interest and sympathy, and discusses the possibility of introducing such influences, and recommending them to the guardians (p. 267). He also draws attention to the difficulty of obtaining exact information about the

character and career of those who leave the workhouse schools, and tells us that of 142 girls leaving the Manchester union, 24 returned to it, and 50 left their first situations and have not been traced. These figures are a curious commentary on Mr. Tufnell's statement, that he has been "unable to discover," in the London district, that "more than 4 per cent fail to gain an honest and independent livelihood." As, however, Mr. Tufnell tells us that he "always" held district and separate schools to be the "only" sound way of training pauper children, and that he has come "unhesitatingly" to the conclusion that "nothing can equal or even approach the success of the plan of uniting the children in large schools on the district system," it may be conjectured that he has prejudged and closed the question rather hastily. To us there appears to be considerable reason for hesitating before pronouncing any system to be the best that can possibly be devised. We are still, as we think, engaged with an exceedingly difficult problem, and it is only by seeking, confessing, and discarding errors at every stage that we hope to arrive at its final solution. The really valuable part of Mr. Tufnell's report consists in the statements (five in number, one exceedingly elaborate and interesting) furnished by men who, having gone through workhouse school training in their boyhood, have afterwards succeeded in life. Those autobiographies must be taken for what they are worth, as materials which require to be accumulated in large numbers, and carefully sifted in order to arrive at any certain judgment. We welcome them gladly, and wish that we had similar testimony concerning the female schools. From the longest of these statements we may see how great was the step in advance when district schools were substituted for the old workhouse system. We venture to hope that the next upward step will be as considerable, though it can hardly be as conspicuous.

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

It is intended in the following lines to furnish a Sacramental Hymn founded on the one common idea of commemoration which lies at the basis of all views of the Eucharist, whether material or spiritual, and to express this undoubted intention of the original institution apart from the metaphorical language by which the ordinance is often described.

When the Paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the Apostles with their Lord,
Then His parting word He said,
Blessed the cup and broke the bread—
"This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember Me."

Years have past: in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rock'd by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
"Drink and eat—remember Me."

When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismay'd, oppress'd;
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deep'ning gloom;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, "Remember Me."

When, thro' all the scenes of life,
Hearths of peace and fields of strife,
Friends or foes together meet,
Now to part and now to greet,
Let those holy tokens tell
Of that sweet and sad farewell,
And, in mingled grief or glee,
Whisper still, "Remember Me."

When diverging creeds shall learn
 Towards their central Source to turn;
 When contending churches tire
 Of the earthquake, wind, and fire;
 Here let strife and clamour cease
 At that still, small voice of peace—
 "May they all united be
 In the Father and in Me."

When, as rolls the sacred year,¹
 Each fresh note of love we hear;
 When the Babe, the Youth, the Man,
 Full of grace Divine we scan;
 When the mournful Way we tread,
 Where for us His blood He shed;
 When on Easter morn we tell
 How He conquer'd Death and Hell;
 When we watch His Spirit true
 Heaven and earth transform anew;
 Then with quicken'd sense we see
 Why He said "Remember Me."

When in this thanksgiving feast
 We would give to God our best,
 From the treasures of His might
 Seeking life and love and light;
 Then, O Friend of humankind,
 Make us true and firm of mind,
 Pure of heart, in spirit free—
 Thus may we remember Thee.

A. P. S.

¹ This stanza has been lengthened in order to accommodate it to the successive seasons of the Christian year.

THE OLDEST FAIRY TALE IN THE WORLD.

SOME ten years ago, Dr. Brugsch, the eminent Egyptologist, of Berlin, published a modest little volume entitled, "Aus dem Orient," comprising a series of essays descriptive of his travels in Egypt. Graphic and learned as these pages all are, the most curious of them is the one entitled, "The Oldest Fairy Tale in the World;" and there is no room to doubt its just claim to such an appellation.

It would appear that in 1852 an English lady acquired by purchase a roll of papyrus inscribed with hieroglyphic characters, which she submitted to the Vicomte de Rougé, then Director of the Museum of Oriental Manuscripts in Paris, for his opinion of its purport. This distinguished scholar published the result of his investigations in the *Revue Archéologique*, declaring the composition to be nothing less than a story written by a Pharaonic scribe, for the edification of the young Crown Prince Seti Manephtha, the son of Pharaoh Rameses Mi-amum, the founder of the cities of Pithom and Rameses, who ruled in Thebes B.C. 1400, and at whose court Moses was educated.

Subsequently the authorities of the British Museum, where the papyrus is now deposited, fully confirmed the learned Frenchman's interpretation, and established the high rank in contemporary literature attached to this composition by deciphering the endorsement on the manuscript, which runs thus:—

"Found worthy to be wedded to the names of the Pharaonic scribe, Kagabu, and the scribe Hora, and the scribe Meremaru. Its author is the scribe Annana, the proprietor of this scroll. May the God Thoth guard from destruction all the words contained in this scroll!"

The pious prayer was heard, for in the year 1863 a learned German unfolded this papyrus, and read to a Berlin

audience a literal translation of the Fairy Tale told to the son of Rameses the Second thirty-two centuries ago.

This is the only hieroglyphic document hitherto discovered which belongs to the world of fiction, though in its language and manner it resembles other productions of its period. Its resemblance to the style and structure of Scriptural writings is very striking, and it is not a little interesting to find Biblical stories here grafted upon a Pantheistic fable. The story in itself derives a peculiar interest from certain allegorical meanings which do not lie on the surface, but which a knowledge of ancient Eastern legends cannot fail to suggest.

It will be observed that the younger brother Batau remains alive after he has voluntarily parted from his "soul," which is laid "in the top of the cedar-blossoms,"—it may be as a sacrifice: in this case not made for sin, but for sin falsely imputed to an innocent man. It is offered in a "high place," as it were; and it must be washed in pure "cold water" ere it can live anew. He hunts and carries on his ordinary pursuits, and even marries a wife, to whom, indeed, he acknowledges the absence of virile strength, resulting from the loss of his "soul." But his physical existence does not cease until the soul is displaced from its dwelling-place by the destruction of the cedar-tree in whose blossoms it abode. Even when the soul, after being found in the fruit (not flower) is, in accordance with the prescribed formalities, restored to its human home, it must yet be made to drink the pure water ere it "finds itself in its old place." Then, and not till then, does Batau recover his manhood, and is enabled to bear fruit in the land of Egypt by the wife who had been given to him by the gods when he was without a "soul," and therefore childless.

Dr. Brugsch claims the merit only of strict and accurate adherence to his text; and the English translator has no pretension to anything more than a faithful rendering of the German version.

S.

FOLIO I.

1. There were two brothers by one mother and one father. The name of the elder was Anepu, and the name of the younger was Batau. And Anepu had a house and a wife.

2. His younger brother was with him as a son, and he clothed him. And he followed behind his oxen in the field.

3. And when the field labour of the plough was finished, then he would help in other field labour. And behold! the younger brother

4. was a good worker, and none was equal to him in all the land. *And when the days had been many*, the younger brother was

5. by his oxen, as was his daily wont, and he drove them homeward every evening laden

6. with various herbs of the field; and he laid the herbs before the beasts. Meanwhile the elder brother sat by

7. his wife, and he ate and he drank while his younger brother was in the stalls by his oxen.

8. *And when the earth became light, and a new day dawned*, and the lamps burned no more, then he arose before his elder brother and brought

9. bread into the field, that he might give it to the labourers, that they might eat in the field. Then he followed after his oxen,

10. and they would tell him where the good herbs grew, and he listened unto their words, and he drove them to the spot

FOLIO II.

1. where the good herbs grew which they relished. And the oxen which went before him became very strong, and they increased in numbers

2. mightily. *And it was now the time of ploughing*, and his elder brother

spoke to him and said: "Let us take the teams,

3. and let us go ploughing, for the fields are appearing in view (after the flood), and the time is good for ploughing. Therefore shalt thou come

4. "unto the field with seed, and we will occupy ourselves with ploughing." Thus he spake unto him: his

5. younger brother did in all wise as his elder brother bade him do. *And as the earth grew light, and*

6. *a new day dawned*, they went unto the field with their teams and had full labour.

7. And they were glad over the completion of their work. *And when the days*

8. *had been many* after these, they were in the fields, and they were in want of seed; and he sent

9. his younger brother, saying to him, "Hasten and bring seed out of the village." And his younger brother found the wife

10. of his elder brother as she sat plaiting her hair. Then he spoke to her and said: "Arise and give me seed,

FOLIO III.

1. for I must hasten back unto the field, for my brother bid me return without delay." Then she spoke to him, "Go,

2. open the corn-room and take what thy soul desires, for my hair might come undone on the way." Then the youth went

3. away into the stalls; and he took with him a large basket, for he wished to carry much corn, and he loaded himself

4. with wheat and barley, and came forth therewith. Then she spoke to him and said, "How much carriest thou?" And he said to her: "Three measures of barley

5. and two measures of wheat, in all five measures I carry in my arms." And she spake unto him, saying, "Great is

6. thy strength, and I have ever looked upon thy strength;" and her heart knew him, and she

7. burnt after him, and she said, "Come, let us rejoice and rest for an hour. Adorn thyself, and I will give thee

8. rich clothing." Then the youth grew like unto a panther in his anger at

9. these bad words which she had spoken to him; and behold! she was much afraid. And he spoke unto her and said: "Oh, woman,

10. thou art to me as a mother and thy husband is to me as a father. For he is older than I am, even as if he were my father. What

FOLIO IV.

1. a great sin is that which thou hast spoken to me! Never again shalt thou speak such words; but I shall not speak of them to others, nor shall I let one word go forth from my mouth to any man whatever."

2. And he loaded himself with his burden, and he went into the field. And he came to his brother, and they had much work to do, and they

3. laboured on. *And when the day was passed, and when the evening closed in,* then the elder brother returned to his house.

4. His younger brother was behind his oxen, and had laden himself with various herbs, as he drove his oxen

5. before him, to make for them litter in their stables in the village. And behold! the wife of his elder brother was frightened

6. at the speech she had spoken. And she cut herself and made wounds, and she made herself appear as one who had suffered violence from a miscreant; for

7. she wished to say to her husband: "Thy younger brother hath done me violence." And her husband returned home in the evening,

8. as was his daily wont, and he entered into his house, and he saw his wife lying down as if she had suffered violence from a miscreant:

9. and she did not rise to give him water out of her hand, as was her wont, and she did not light the lamps for him,

and his house was dark. And she lay there

10. pale. And her husband spoke to her and said: "Who has spoken unto thee? Arise!" Then she said unto him, "No one has spoken unto me but you"

FOLIO V.

1. younger brother; for when he came to fetch corn, then he found me sitting down, and he said to me: Come, let us rejoice and rest for an hour;

2. put on thy rich garments. Thus he spake unto me, but I did not hearken to him, but said: See, am I not as thy mother, and thy elder brother is he not as thy father to thee?

3. Thus I spake unto him, and he was afraid, and he did violence to me that I would not bear witness against him. And if you let him live, then shall I die. Behold!

4. He came that he might. . . . and if I endure these bad words he will surely do it." Then the elder brother

5. grew like the panther, and he sharpened his axe and took it in his hand. And the elder brother stood behind the door

6. of his stall to kill his younger brother when he should come in the evening and drive the oxen into

7. the stall. And when the sun set he had laden himself with various herbs of the field, as was his wont, and

8. he came, and the first cow entered the stall. And she spake to her master and said, "Beware of thy elder brother, who stands

9. with an axe to kill you. Keep afar from him." And he heard the speech of the first cow.

FOLIO VI.

1. And the other beasts came in, and they spoke likewise. And he looked under the door of the stall,

2. and he saw the legs of his elder brother, who stood behind the door with an axe in his hand;

3. and he laid down his burden and fled hastily from thence, and

4. his elder brother followed him with his axe. And the younger brother prayed to the Sun-god Harmachis,¹

5. saying: "My good lord, thou art he who distinguishest between falsehood and truth." And it pleased the Sun-god

6. to listen to his complaints; and the Sun-god made a large stream of water to arise between him and his elder brother, and the water was

7. full of crocodiles. And one brother was upon one shore and the other was upon the other shore.

8. And the elder brother struck two blows with his hand, but he could not slay him. Thus did he. And

9. his younger brother called to him from the shore, saying: "Remain, and wait until the earth shall grow light, and when the Sun's face shall arise, then shall I

FOLIO VII.

1. open myself unto thee and let thee recognize the truth; for never have I done evil unto thee.

2. But in the place where thou dwellest there will I not stay, but I will go to the cedar-mountains." *And when the earth had become light, and another day had dawned,*

3. the Sun-god Harmachis shone out, and one brother looked at the other. And the youth spoke to his elder brother, saying:

4. "Wherefore dost thou pursue me to slay me with injustice? Hearest thou not what my mouth speaks? namely, I am thy own younger brother, and

5. thou wert to me after the manner of a father, and thy wife was to me after the manner of a mother. Behold, was it not so when thou didst send me to fetch corn that

6. thy wife said unto me: Come, we will rejoice and repose for an hour? And behold! she has told thee otherwise." And he made

7. him to know what had taken place between him and his wife. And he swore by the Sun-god Harmachis as he spoke: "If that

8. it be thy intention to slay me with injustice, then place thy axe in the opening of thy girdle;" and he took

9. a sharp knife, and he cut a limb off his body and he flung it into the river. Then

FOLIO VIII.

1. he sank down and swooned and grew deadly faint. And the soul of his elder brother was sore troubled. And he stood there and wept and lamented; but he could not go over to his younger brother for fear of crocodiles.

2. And his younger brother called to him, saying: "Behold, thou didst conceive evil, and thou didst not have good in thy mind. But I will give thee tidings what thou shalt do. Return unto thy house

3. and tend thy beasts, for I shall not stay where thou dwellest, but will go to the cedar-mountains. This shalt thou then do for me when thou comest to look after me.

4. Know then that I must part from my soul, that I may lay it in the top of the cedar-blossoms. And when at last the cedar shall be cut down, it shall fall upon the earth.

5. When thou comest to seek my soul, thou shalt seek it for seven years; and if thy soul can endure that, then shalt thou find it. Then place it in a vessel with cold water. Then shall I live anew, and shall give answer

6. to all questions, to make known what further shall be done unto me. Let there be likewise at thy hand a flask of barley-drink, seal it, and delay not, that it may be near thee." And he went

7. to the cedar-mountains, and his elder brother returned into his house, and he laid his hand upon his beard, and he threw dust upon it; and when he entered his house he slew

8. his wife, and he flung her body before the dogs, and he sat himself down to mourn over his younger brother. And *after many days* his younger brother found himself in the cedar-mountains;

10. and nobody was with him, and

¹ i.e. Amoun-Ra.

he passed the days in hunting the beasts of the land, and in the evening he came and he laid himself down under the cedar-tree, in the top of whose blossoms his soul was lying.

FOLIO IX.

1. *Many days later* he built himself a hut with his hands on the cedar-mountain,

2. and filled it with all goods, such as he would have in his house. And as he went forth from his hut, he met the assembly of the Gods

3. who had come forth to care for the wants of the whole land. And the host of Gods spake among each other and said unto him :

4. "Oh! Batau, thou bull of the Gods, why art thou here alone, and why hast thou left thy land because of the wife of Anepu thy elder

5. brother? for lo! his wife is slain. Return unto him, and he will answer thy questions." And their hearts felt pity

6. for him greatly. Then said the Sun-god Harmachis to Khnum:¹ "Thou shalt create a wife for Batau, so that

7. he may not sit alone." And Khnum created a wife for him; and as she sat by him she was more beautiful in form than all the women in

8. the whole land; all godhead was in her; and the seven sons of Athor² came and looked upon her, and they said with one

9. mouth: "She will die a violent death." And he loved her very dearly, and she sat in his house while he passed the day

FOLIO X.

1. in hunting the beasts of the land, to lay the prey before her. And he said unto her, "Go not forth, lest thou shouldst meet the sea,

2. which would bear thee away; for I am not able to save thee, being

¹ i.e. the God of generation.

² i.e. the Setting Sun, the Queen of the West, the Egyptian Aphrodite.

womanly like thyself, because my soul lies in the top

3. of the cedar-blossoms. If another finds it, then I must combat for it." And he opened his heart unto her in all its breadth.

4. *Many days later*, Batau had gone forth to hunt, as was his daily wont.

5. His young wife, however, had gone forth to wander under the cedar which stood by her house, and behold! the sea saw her,

6. and rose behind her; but she saved herself with fleet steps, and entered into her house.

7. But the Sea called to the Cedar, saying: "Oh! how I love her!" And the Cedar gave the Sea a lock of her hair, and

8. the Sea bore the lock of hair to Egypt, and laid it down on the spot where the washermen of the house of Pharaoh were. And the perfume

9. of the lock of hair pervaded the garments of Pharaoh, and a dispute arose among the washermen

10. of Pharaoh, while they spoke and said: "A perfume of salve-oil is in the garments of Pharaoh," and hence there was disputing daily;

FOLIO XI.

1. and they knew not what they did. But the chief of the washermen of Pharaoh went to the sea, and his soul was troubled

2. sorely, because of the daily disputing, and he arose and stood on the shore opposite to the lock of hair

3. which lay in the sea. And he bent down, and he seized the lock of hair. And in it there was excessive sweet perfume. And he carried it to Pharaoh. And the most learned scribes were summoned; and they said to Pharaoh, "This is the lock of hair

5. of a daughter of the Sun-god, and all godhead is in her. The whole land submits to thee. Well, then, send messengers

6. in all lands to seek her; but the messenger who shall go to the cedar-

mountain, let him be attended by many people

7. to bring her here!" And behold! the king said: "It is truly good what you have said!" And he sent them forth. *Many days later*

8. the people came back, who had been sent into the land to bring the king tidings; but the messengers came not,

9. who had been sent to the cedar-mountains, for Batau had slain them, and he had spared only one to return with tidings to the king.

10. And the king sent forth people, many warriors, horse and foot, to seek her anew:

FOLIO XII.

1. and among these was a woman. And to her they gave in her hand all kinds of splendid woman's adornments. And the wife of Batau came to

2. Egypt with her, and there was great rejoicing in the whole land, and the king loved her dearly:

3. and he raised her to the highest place. And they spake unto her that she might divulge the story

4. of her husband. Then she said to the king, "Let the cedar-tree be cut down that it may be destroyed." Then

5. they sent armed men, bearing axes, to cut down the cedar-tree: and they came

6. to the cedar, and they cut the flower in the midst of which lay the soul of Batau.

7. And the flower fell, and Batau died in a short time. *And when the earth had grown light, and a new day arose, then*

8. they likewise cut down the cedar-tree. And Anepu, Batau's elder brother, went into his house,

9. and he sat down and washed his hands; and he took a jar of barley-drink; and he sealed it with pitch;

10. and he took another jar of wine, and he stopped it with clay; and he took his staff

FOLIO XIII.

1. and his shoes, together with his garments and his travel gear, and he went upon his way

2. towards the cedar-mountain. And he came to the hut of his younger brother, and he found his younger brother lying stretched out

3. upon his mat. He was dead. And he began to weep as he saw his younger brother lying stretched out even as a dead man. Then he went

4. to seek the soul of his younger brother under the cedar under which his younger brother lay down in the evening;

5. and he searched for three years without finding it. And when the fourth year came, then his soul yearned after Egypt,

6. and he said, "I will go thither to-morrow early." Such was his intention. *And when the earth had grown light, and a new day arose, then he made*

7. his way to the cedar-tree, and he was busy all the day seeking the soul. And in the evening he looked around once more and

8. he found a fruit; and as he returned homeward with it, behold! there was the soul of his younger brother. Then he took

9. the vessel with cold water, and he laid it therein, and he sat down as was his daily wont. And when it had grown night

FOLIO XIV.

1. the soul soaked up the water, and Batau moved in all his limbs and gazed at his elder brother;

2. but his heart did not beat. Then Anepu the elder brother took the vessel with cold water wherein lay

3. the soul of his younger brother and let him drink it up, and behold! the soul found itself in its old place. Then he became as he had ever been. And one

4. embraced the other, and one spoke to the other; and Batau said to his

5. elder brother, "Behold! I will transform myself into a holy bull with all tokens of holiness. And none shall know

6. the secret, and thou shalt sit on my back. And as the sun shall rise, so

shall we be on the spot where my wife is. Answer me

7. whether thou wilt lead me thither? for they shall show thee all goodness due. They will

8. load thee with silver and gold if thou leadest me before Pharaoh; for I shall bring great good fortune,

9. and they will glorify me in the whole land!" *And when the earth had grown light,*

FOLIO XV.

1. *and a new day had come*, Batau assumed the form which he had described to his brother. And Anepu

2. his elder brother sat himself upon his back at daybreak. And he approached the place, and they

3. let the king know. And he looked at him and was much rejoiced, and feasted him

4. with a feast greater than words can speak, for it was a great good fortune to him. And there was joy because of him throughout the land, and they

5. brought silver and gold for his elder brother who remained in the village, and they gave many servants to the bull,

6. and many things, and Pharaoh loved him dearly, more than any man in the whole land.

7. *And after many days later* the bull went into the holy place, and he stood in

8. the same spot where the fair one was. Then he spake to her, and said: "Behold, still do I live in the flesh!" Then

9. she spake: "Who then art thou?" and he said unto her, "I am Batau, and thou

10. when thou didst make the cedar-tree to bidst make known to Pharaoh where I was that I might live no more.

FOLIO XVI.

1. Look on me; still do I live in the flesh; but I am in the form of a bull." Then the fair woman was in much fear at these tidings which

2. her husband had spoken to her. And when he had gone forth from the

holy place, and the king, in order to pass a joyful day, sat with her,

3. and as she found herself in the king's favour, and he showed himself beyond measure gracious to her, then she said to the king, "Swear to me by God

4. to grant all that I shall ask of thee." And he granted her all that she asked, and she said, "Let me eat of the liver of this bull,

5. for you do not want him." Thus she spake to him. Then he grew very sad over what she said, and the soul

6. of Pharaoh was sorely troubled. *And when the earth had grown light, and a new day had come*, they prepared a great feast,

7. and brought sacrifices to the bull. But there went forth one of the king's first servants to slay the bull. And

8. it came to pass, as they were about to slay him, there stood people at his side. And as he gave him a blow on his neck

9. two drops of blood fell upon the spot where the king's two doorposts stand, the one upon the one side of

10. Pharaoh's gates, and the other upon the other side. And they grew into two tall Persea-trees.¹

FOLIO XVII.

1. And each of them stood alone. Then they went to the king to tell him, "Two large Persea-trees have, to the king's great good

2. fortune, grown in the night where stands the great gate of the king; and there is great joy

3. because of them in all the land." *And some days later* the king

4. went forth adorned with a necklace of lapis-lazuli, and sweet wreaths of flowers were on his neck, and he was in a carriage of gold.

5. And as he went forth from the royal house he beheld the Persea-trees. And the fair woman had gone forth

¹ The Persea-tree, mentioned by Theophrastus and Dioscorides as having medicinal or life-restoring properties.

likewise, and she was in a carriage behind Pharaoh.

6. And the king seated himself under the Persea-tree. But the Tree said to his wife, "Ah! thou false one!

7. I am Batau, and I still live; and I have transformed myself. Thou didst tell Pharaoh, in order to slay me, of

8. my dwelling-place. I was the bull, and thou didst have me slain." And *after many days*

9. the fair one was in the favour of the king, and he was gracious unto her. Then she spake to the king,

10. "Swear to me to do all that I shall ask of thee;" and he granted her

FOLIO XVIII.

1. all that she asked; and she said, "Let the two Persea-trees be cut down, that fine planks may be made thereof:"

2. and her words were fulfilled. *After many days later* the king

3. let skilful workmen come that they might cut down the Persea-trees, and the fair queen stood by to see it.

4. And a splinter flew out and entered into the mouth of the fair woman, and she

5. knew that she was pregnant. And they did

6. all that her soul desired. And it came to pass *after many days*

7. that she bore a son, and they went to announce to the king, "A son

8. is born unto thee." And he was brought unto him, and they gave him a nurse and attendants; and there was

9. joy in all the land. Then they sat down to celebrate a feast, and they gave him

10. his name; and from that hour the king loved him dearly, and he named him

FOLIO XIX.

1. the son of the king of Ethiopia. And *when the days had been many*, after this, the king made him

2. governor of all the land. And *when the days had been many*, after this, and he had

3. governed for many years, the king died; and when Pharaoh had flown to heaven,

4. then Batau spoke: "It is good; let the mighty and the great of the royal court be brought here, that I may tell them the whole history

5. of what has happened to me and the queen." And his wife was brought unto him, and he made himself known unto her, and they spoke their speech.

6. And they brought his elder brother to him, and they made him governor of the whole land. And he reigned thirty years as king of Egypt.

7. When he had lived thirty years, his brother stood in his place on the day of his burial.

Tr
the
cat
—
esc
tic
a
acq
the
the
sub
hav
plic
else
than
pos
som
spec
'dov
tive,
used
latio
the f
whic
purp
It
with
'taut
succe
dwel
left
relics
have
upon
strati
sprin
same
differ
shire
from
the S
the sa
of the
Mend
the m
sense
crug,

AN UNNAMED HABIT OF LANGUAGE.

THE habit now to be spoken of is one that I venture to call 'Unnamed,' because, though it has been noticed often—as indeed it could not altogether escape observation; and being often noticed, has naturally been designated by a name sometimes—yet has it never acquired a name so well recognized that the mention of it would suffice to give the reader some general idea of the subject of this paper. The names that have been given, have either been applicable to a part of the facts only, or else they have been of wider incidence than is convenient for our present purpose. One part of the subject has been sometimes spoken of as 'tautology,' special parts have been called the 'double negative' and the 'double genitive,' while German philologists have used the term *Häufung*, that is 'Cumulation,' in a manner to embrace some of the facts now intended along with others which are quite foreign to the present purpose.

It has been chiefly in connection with names of places that the term 'tautology' has been used. Where a succession of different races have dwelt upon the same soil, and have left on the map of the country the relics of their several languages, these have occasionally been found piled one upon another after the manner of a stratification. The map of England is sprinkled over with names in which the same idea is expressed in two or more different forms of speech. In Gloucestershire the Cotswold Hills are so called from the British word *coed*, a wood, and the Saxon *wold*, or *weald*, which means the same thing. In Somersetshire one of the most prominent points of the Mendip is called Crook's Peak, where the modern word *peak* is identical in sense with the famous old British word *crug*, a term so intimately associated

with the selection of elevated spots for public transactions, that, according to Owen Pughe, *crug* became a synonym for *gorsedd*, 'assembly.' Near Shepton Mallet we find Dean Bottom and Downhead, names which remind us that in Saxon times 'den' and 'dun' were as familiarly coupled as in modern English are 'hill' and 'dale.' In Devonshire, near Exeter, Pinho is composed of British *Pen*, and Saxon *how*, both meaning a 'height,' German 'höhe.'

A very remarkable instance of this sort of tautology is given in *Garnett's Essays*:—"At the head of the Yarrow is a mountain called of old by the Celtic name 'Ben Yair.' To this the Romans prefixed their 'Mont,' and the Danes long afterwards added their 'law.' The hill is now called 'Mount Benjerlaw;' in it *hill* comes three times over."¹ When we call such names 'tautological' we seem to imply that they were produced by the conscious act of repetition. How much of such a purpose there may once have been it is difficult to say: but it is plain that the stratified forms are preserved by those who are quite unconscious of the elements of their composition. In such cases as Windermere Lake, Penlee Point, Men Rock, it is possible that the authors of these forms were more or less aware that 'mere' meant 'lake,' and 'pen' meant 'point,' and 'men' signified 'rock;' but it is also possible that the addition may have sprung from a fresh

¹ "The Sources of Standard English," by T. L. Kington-Oliphant, M.A. (Macmillan, 1873), p. 41. Perhaps *law* may have been an Anglican element, and so *Benjerlaw* may have been the intermediate state of the name, until the Norman period came, with its prefix *Mount*. Thus also in Leicestershire, Mount Sorrel is Mount Soar-hill (on the River Soar), where the attrition and obscurity of *Hill*, with the fact that its office is now wholly discharged by *Mount*, indicates that the prefix is the latest addition.

and independent impression of the natural object in each instance. Inasmuch, then, as the term 'tautological' seems to carry with it some implied conclusion on this uncertain point, some such word as 'Cumulation' may be preferable, as being void of any suggestion beyond the plain matter of fact, that such names have been built up by the reiterated assertion of the self-same idea under varying forms of speech.

This Cumulation is not confined to local names. The same thing may be observed in the ordinary substantives. Thus *bull-end* is composed of the French *bout*, and its English equivalent *end*. In Somersetshire a small fiddle is called a *crowdy-kit*, from *crowd*, the old Welsh word for a fiddle, and the modern *kit* of the dancing-master. But there are far more interesting, because more subtle forms, in which the same phenomenon may be recognized.

As languages succeed one another on the face of the earth, so do successive epochs flit over the face of a language, and these epochs when they have passed away are often traceable in the deposit of their relics under the more recent formations. It is well known that there is a slow and irregular, but yet in some sense a constant movement in language, by which old forms of speech gradually become extinct and new forms are called into existence. The largest and most general exemplification of this fact, and one that must strike the most casual observer, is the movement from flexional to phrasal habits; a movement so steady and definite in its direction, that we are able to speak generally of the ancient languages as mostly flexional, and of the modern languages as being for the most part phrasal.

Whereas in Greek the declension of a noun ran thus—*πόλεμος, πολέμου, πολέμῳ*; and in Latin, *bellum, belli, bello*; the same gradations of sense in a modern language are apt to be thus expressed—War, of war, to war; Guerre, de la guerre, à la guerre. Whereas Greek and Latin spake thus: *ποίηκα, ποίηκας, ποίηκε*; feci, fecisti, fecit; the modern languages show a decided

preference for an expression of moods and tenses of which this may serve as the type: I have done; er hat gethan, vous avez fait.

But it does not always happen that the old form quite disappears to make way for the new one. There is much overlapping; the new form enters into its place even while the old form remains undisturbed. The Greek and German languages offer bold examples of this fact, by the way in which they have admitted the prepositions without dismissing the case-endings of their nouns. These two languages owe their peculiar character, and that degree of likeness which is perceivable between them, largely to this one fact; and they are indeed throughout their whole structure splendid monuments of the speech-habit of Cumulation.

By 'Cumulation,' then, I would mean any formation wherein the self-same thing is twice said—being repeated either in the same form or with a change of form: in either case it is a heaping up of forms to express one sense which is already conveyed severally by each of the accumulated parts. The incidence of this mode of formation to names both proper and common has already been shown. It remains now to exhibit it also in the other sorts of words, and especially in those flexional and formative elements of words, by means of which their finer and more sensitive functions are brought into play.

How ubiquitous the tendency to Cumulation is, and how assiduously it seeks to establish itself in various parts of language, will perhaps be demonstrated most to the satisfaction of the reader if we run through the list of the parts of speech, and find it in every one of them. In the substantives it appears in forms like *fruiterer, upholsterer*, where the same formative *er* is repeated; but there are cases in which, without repetition of form, there is a cumulation of sense. In the Bible of 1611 a catcher of fish is called a *fisher*; but this form has long been superseded by the cumulate *fisherman*.

The same variety occurs in the forms

of cumulate plurality. The identical plural form may be repeated, as in Devonshire they say *bellouses* for 'bellows:' but it is usually effected by the cumulation of dissimilar forms. Once the prevalent plural form in the English language was *N*, as it still is in German: but this has been thrust out by the *S* form, and now it is retained only in a few surviving instances, as *hosen*, *oxen*. Occasionally these two forms are found in Cumulation; as in the following from the Fourth Folio of Shakespeare:—

"Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoons."

Another old plural-form was *R*; thus *childer* was once (and in Ireland still is) a plural of *child*, just as in German *kinder* is plural of *kind*: but now we add the *N* form by cumulation and say *children*.

In Adjectives, we find Cumulation most rife in that function which is aptest for emphasis, namely, in the degrees of comparison. At the time of writing this I heard a gardener say that a certain stone would not do for his purpose, and he must get 'a more flatter one.' In the *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, we read, "How much more elder art thou than thy looks!" This began to be disallowed after the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Thus, in *Coriolanus* iv. 7, the First Folio has, "He bears himself more proudlier," but the second and following folios have corrected the word to 'proudly.'

In Superlatives, words like *foremost*, *utmost*, are examples of cumulation. There was an old superlative ending in *-ma*, corresponding to the Latin *-mus*, so that the Saxon *forma*, *innema*, *utema*, *nithema*, may be compared to the Latin *primus*, *intimus*, *extimus*, *infimus*. But when the superlative in *-est* was almost universal, it added itself on to these old superlatives, so that we had *forma-est*, &c.; and by this path we obtained the forms *foremost*, *innermost*, *utmost*, *nethermost*. In the present day the comparison of adjectives by *-er* and *-est* is reduced to a narrow area through the prevalence of the comparison by *more*

and *most*. This change makes another opening for Cumulation, the new being received without always entailing the abolition of the old, and hence such comparatives as 'most highest,' or as in *Julius Cæsar* iii. 2—

"The most unkindest cut of all."

Others there are of this group which are less conspicuous. We might overlook *nearer*, but it is a cumulate Comparative. The form *near*, which is now regarded as the positive degree, is really an old Comparative of *nigh*, and is a condensed form of *nigher*, so that in *nearer* the formative syllable is repeated twice. Under the form *longer* there lies a tale of cumulation. In Saxon times the Comparative of *long* was *leng*, and to this by Cumulation was added the usual *-er* of comparison, producing the form *lenger* which is common in Early English. Thus Spenser, *F. Q. I. ix. 2*:—

"Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell"

By a secondary effort at uniformity the form *longer* has come in, and all trace of *leng* and *lenger* is removed.

Among Adverbs the same phenomenon presents itself in another guise. There are in the whole compass of the English language only three forms of adverb, which rank thus in the order of their seniority: the flat, the flexional (chiefly in *-ly* and genitival), the phrasal. We may find some adjectives which form adverbs in all the three forms, as *sudden*, *suddenly*, *of a sudden*; *sure*, *surely*, *of a surety*; *extreme*, *extremely*, *in the extreme*. The flat is the most used in the popular speech, and also the least usual in literature; but yet it is found, as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 3—

"I am sudden sick."

The way in which Cumulation ordinarily appears in this part of speech is in the combination of any two of these forms to produce an emphatic adverbial effect, as "in an instant suddenly:" or, as in the following:—

"Let no man think that sudden in a minute All is accomplished and the work is done."

Sometimes, however, the preposition of the phrasal adverb is actually prefixed to an old flat adverb, as in the cumulate forms *for aye*, *of yore*. The latter may require a word of explanation. A very ancient adverb of time is *in*, meaning long ago, which occurs in *Mæso-Gothic*, and which having become somewhat faded in Saxon times, received the addition of the equivalent *ær*, which made it into a cumulate adverb with a repeated sense, thus, *in ær*: these coalesced in one word *yore*, and in this form it passed current for a long time, as in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale* :—

"Yes, quod this carpentere, full yore ago."

At length, when the time came for forming adverbial phrases very freely with prepositions, and especially with the preposition *of*, this old flat adverb complied with the fashion, and became *of yore*. In the same manner the flexional adverb *unawares*, which Spenser and other poets use in this genitival form, has become *at unawares*, in defiance of all reason and logic, and simply by the instinct of cumulation. Again, "once upon a time" is a double adverb: for "upon a time" is a modern translation of the old genitival *once*.

While on these genitival adverbs, we should notice a curious cumulation, which, though rare and obsolete, yet by its relationship to a very common word is the more easily reclaimed from obscurity. One of the most familiar of our surviving genitival adverbs is *needs*, which is very common in Shakespeare, in such phrases as *I must needs*, *thou wilt needs*, *she needs must*, *needs must you*. By the side of this form there was also the *-ly* form, and we meet with *needly* not unfrequently in the writers from Chaucer to Holinshed. But in and after the reign of Elizabeth there was current a cumulation of these two forms in the shape of *needsly*, a favourite adverb with Michael Drayton, in whose verses it may be said to lie embalmed. Thus :—

"But earnest on her way, she needly will be gone."

The Verb is as liable as the more

ordinary parts of speech to this trick of Cumulation. There are three chief verbal forms—the Strong, the Weak, and the Phrasal by means of the auxiliary. The Strong Verb makes its Preterite by an inward vowel change, as *draw*, *drew*; *sink*, *sank*; *tread*, *trod*; and its participle by a like vowel change together with the inflection *n*, as *drawn*, *sunken*, *trodden*. The Weak Verb makes both Preterite and Participle by the outward appendage of *ed*, as *love*, *loved*. The third forms its preterite by the auxiliary *did*, as "I did love."

Between the two first—that is, between the strong and the weak forms—Cumulation takes place very commonly in the speech of rustics, as "Where was you born'd?" and the same phenomenon is a well-known characteristic of infantile prattle among all classes of society. On the day of writing, I heard a child five years old exclaim with energy, "Yes, I sawed it myself!" The combination of *did* with the elder preterite in a cumulate manner is certainly rare; but it is to be found, as the following quotation attests :—

"Aston'd he stood, and up his heare did hove."

—*The Faery Queene*, l. ii. 31.

In the form *wert* there is Cumulation; the Saxon form was *ware*, and the termination *t* was probably borrowed from the analogy of the second person of the present tense, *art*.

After the verbs there remain that host of symbolical vocables which in a variety of ways qualify and regulate and modify the verbal action. Among these the most remarkable is the Verbal Negative. Here we once had cumulation, and we still have it in the popular speech, but the literary dialect has rejected it. In the earliest times of the history of our language the Negative was placed before the verb, and it is common enough as late as Chaucer. Thus, in the *Tale of Melibeus* :—

"Ther is no creature so good that him ne wanteth somewhat."

A trace of this arrangement survives in the familiar expression 'Will he, will

he.' The *nill* is for *ne will*; just as in Chaucer *nam* is for *ne am*, *nas* for *ne was*, *not* for *ne wot*. In the time of this prefixed Negative, an additional emphasis was sometimes obtained by putting *nā* or *nān* after the verb, and the result was the formula, "Ic ne was nā." Sometimes this second negative was further strengthened by the addition of *whit*, giving the formula, "Ic ne was na whit." The first of these two formulas accounts for the Scotch "I wasna," and the second for the English "I was not;"—both English and Scotch alike dropped the original negative before the verb.

The limitation of ourselves to a single Negative has been carried out in the name of a certain logical propriety, which is codified in the maxim of the English grammarian, that "two negatives destroy one another, or are equivalent to an affirmative." The conduct of the French language has been the opposite of ours in this particular: after having fully matured a suffix-Negative it still retains its old prefix-Negative; and this Cumulation is the more remarkable in a language which by universal consent is distinguished for its logical superiority.

For there certainly is a manifest antagonism between the habit of Cumulation and the logical sense, and this antagonism is brought to a plain issue in the case of the Double Negative, and the English maxim is simply the enrolment of a triumph gained by the logical faculty over the speech-instinct in the domain of English grammar. But beyond the pale of grammar the Double Negative is free, and we venture to predict that it will for many long years prove more than a match for the school-master. That more enlarged study of the English language which tends to bring into consideration the writers who preceded Shakespeare, will be found to side with the people and against the ferule. Chaucer knows nothing of Lindley Murray's maxim; he sets it at nought in every page, as in his description of the knight:—

"Ne never yet no vilonye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight."

Even in Shakespeare traces remain of the Double Negative, as in *Much Ado* ii. 1:—

"Nor will you not tell me who you are?"

No more need be said to satisfy the reader of the tendency to Cumulation in this member of the English language. Had this cumulative tendency in English gone unchecked, we might have made some approach to that extraordinary profusion of Negatives which is such a strong peculiarity of Greek syntax. This cumulation in Greek results in a weight of emphasis, which in any English version has to be rendered by emphatic words of an affirmative complexion, as οὐδεὶς εἰς οὐδέν οὐδενὸς ἂν ἡμῶν οὐδέποτε γένοιτο ἀέτιος, which Dr. Jowett renders thus: "None of us will be of the smallest use in any inquiry."—Plato, *Philebus* 19.

Some little words there are which readily change the place and character of Adverb for the place and character of Preposition; and these sometimes surprise us with an interesting phase of Cumulation, as when *in* or *with* stands in the double character in the same phrase, thus:—

"And eke in what arae that they were inne."
—Chaucer, *Prologue* 41.

So Myers, in his "Francis Xavier," writes:—"A single-handed, simple-hearted man: with nothing to influence other men with but that inward force," &c.

Many other instances of Cumulation will meet the observant eye up and down the pages of English literature; and it may be sufficient just to add two or three additional examples without comment or analysis—such as 'which that,' 'from thenceforth,' 'for because,' 'afar off.'

Perhaps there is no language, ancient or modern, in which so many examples of this sort can be collected as in the English language; and yet I would not venture to say that any one of the quoted instances is not to be paralleled in some language or other. But I come now to an example which I believe to be strictly confined to our mother

tongue. I mean the Double Genitive, concerning which, in the latter months of last year, a brisk correspondence appeared in the diversified pages of *Notes and Queries*.

The discussion was opened in September by an anonymous writer, who asked for some intelligible rule for the use of what has been called the Double Genitive. He denounced it as a barbarism: commended to our emulation the clearness and precision of the French; and held up also the example of the Germans, who say either 'Wieland's Oberon' or 'Der Oberon von Wieland,' but never use both of these genitives at once. We, on the contrary, not only say 'Mr. Brown's tenant,' or 'a tenant of Mr. Brown,' but we very frequently double the genitive by saying 'a tenant of Mr. Brown's.' Now, he proceeds to ask, of Mr. Brown's *what*? Of his house, or his land, or what? This want of precise meaning is sufficient to condemn the formula—which is not found in the best writers of the last century, though Miss Edgeworth describes "a glade of the park which opened upon a favourite view of the general's;" and Thackeray, still worse: "The brightest part of Swift's story—the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's—is his love for Hester Johnson." The same contributor adds a list of other examples—enough one would think to shake his confidence in his own verdict. In the *Times* a reviewer has, "a kinsman of Lord Palmerston's;" the correspondent S. G. O. says, "This letter of Lord Shaftesbury's;" a leading article has two instances, namely, "a motion of Mr. Hardy's," and "a motion of Mr. Bouverie's." The same objector further declares that it would be endless to cite examples, for that almost every modern writer has fallen into this vicious habit, which the critic, undeterred by his own list of authorities, still ventures to condemn, as a construction that is awkward and obscure, and not by any means to be encouraged.

Lord Lyttelton was of opinion that it was not a Double Genitive at all: that

the word 'of' was not equivalent to the possessive 's, but quite a different preposition, inasmuch that "a kinsman of Lord Palmerston's" means one among Lord Palmerston's numerous kinsmen; so that the 'of,' is equivalent to 'among.' In this analysis he was confirmed by several other correspondents, and the opinion seemed to be that this peculiar expression is not tautological or cumulative; but that, on the contrary, it ought to be regarded as elliptical. It followed, as a matter of course, that the expression must be logically wrong whenever it was used of an object which was not to be presented as one among many. Lord Lyttelton holds that—

"'A kinsman of Lord Palmerston's' means 'A kinsman among Lord P.'s (kinsmen)'; and so of the rest. But 'life of Swift's' must be wrong, because no one has more lives than one. 'That will of my father's' is almost certainly wrong, because the presumption is that a man only makes one will; and 'a favourite view of B.'s' is *suspicious*, because the idea of a favourite rather suggests oneness than plurality. Still, it might mean 'a favourite view among those which B. usually saw.'

"The point may be made clearer by substituting 'mine' for the genitive, being, in fact, the same construction. 'A son of mine' should not *properly* be used by a man who had no more than one son, though very likely it often is so."

(Whether "son of mine" and "life of Swift's" are really the same construction will have to be considered presently.)

Mr. Thirioth threw a new light on the debate by quoting some important witnesses. Among these, Sir George Cornwall Lewis says: "'A picture of the king' is a representation of the king's person; 'a picture of the king's' means a picture belonging to the king, *i.e.*, 'one of his collection.'" Archdeacon Hare says: "I confess that I feel some doubt whether this phrase is indeed to be regarded as elliptical. . . . If we were asked whose castle Alnwick is, we should answer 'The Duke of Northumberland's!' so we should also say, 'What a grand castle that is of the Duke of Northumberland's!' without at

all taking into account whether he had other castles besides ; and our expression would be equally appropriate whether he had or not." Mr. Thiriold proceeds to point out that there is a peculiar emphasis in the Double Genitive ; he observes that if, instead of Othello's "Never more be officer of mine," you substitute "be my officer," you make it tame ; that the title of one of our novels, "That Boy of Norcott's," conjures expectations which "Norcott's boy" could not call up, while "That boy of Norcott" would give an uncertain sound. Yet there is but *one* boy. Another contributor observes that "a discovery of John" signifies that John was discovered ; "a discovery of John's" that John discovered something.

In the midst of this diversity of views we may discern two lines of thought which are marked by consistency and direction, and which are in absolute antagonism to each other. One says that the so-called Double Genitive is an elliptical or compendious form of speech which when expanded is found to be no Double Genitive at all, but only to contain a couple of genitive forms which look different ways, thus : "A kinsman of Palmerston's—*subaudi* kinsman." This argument betrays a leaning upon the pronominal examples, "son of mine,"—"officer of mine," and draws its illustration from their analogy. The other maintains the reality of the Double Genitive, asserts that the two genitives have one constructive bearing, and are really duplicates ; that so far from being elliptical it is a pleonastic and cumulative formula which is as full in form as it is in emphasis and humorous effect. This view rests chiefly upon substantial instances, such as, "That boy of Norcott's."

When in a conflict of opinion there seems to be reason on both sides, this is often a token of some entanglement, something that needs to be unravelled, and when we once suspect this, our cue is naturally caution, even (as it may appear) excessive caution, and we revise our skein thread by thread.

Let us not even assume that the

two kinds of phrase, namely, "officer of mine" and "that boy of Norcott's," may be counted as one. It seems so obvious to take them as standing to one another in the same relation as substantive and pronoun constantly hold to one another, that it may look like a perverse ingenuity to raise the doubt ; but however much appearances may be against me, I crave permission to distinguish them for the moment by the terms Substantival and Pronominal. This done, I would submit that the Substantival formula is purely and properly a Double Genitive, and that it has been formed by the cumulation of the two genitival symbols, the ancient and the modern, the Gothic and the Romanesque. The French have but one usual way of expressing the genitive, and that is by their preposition *de* as, *Un parent de Lord Palmerston* ; the Germans have their native symbol for the same thing, namely, the possessive *s*, so that the pure German formula is *Ein Verwandte Palmerstons* ; but the English, possessing one of these by the same native right as the Germans themselves, and having adopted the French *de*, by the translation *of*, for seven centuries at least, have out of these projected a third genitive formula by the superposition of the one upon the other, and have thus produced the formula, "A kinsman of Lord Palmerston's."

That this is the historical statement of the case is rendered probable by two considerations : first, the general habits of the language ; and, secondly, the exigency of the particular case. On the first head I must be allowed to fall back upon the foregoing argument, and to assume that the habit of Cumulation is sufficiently proved ; and that the illogicality of saying the selfsame thing twice over does not constitute any ground for disowning it as a historical fact. Therefore our attention may be directed to the second head, that is, to the inquiry whether we can detect any occasion or necessity for the contrivance of this peculiar formula. And here it is a plain fact which can easily be verified, that

the English 'of' when used in imitation of the French 'de' was very liable to confusion. This preposition had uses enough before, and these uses were sometimes but obscurely distinguishable; and hence it came about, not indeed when the genitival function was first assumed by this preposition, but in process of centuries, as the continued habit of French education widened the incidence of this genitival formula, that the risk of collision discovered itself more and more, and so it happened, that the old possessive *s* was now and then recalled, quite naturally and unconsciously, to the position from which it had been for a time dislodged, and being recalled, it acted as a diacritic symbol to distinguish between the possible meanings of a preposition upon which more offices had devolved than it could conveniently fill.

Here is an instance of the kind of obscurity which the Double Genitive would obviate. Mr. Myers, in the opening sentences of his "Christopher Columbus," wrote as follows:—"Every indisputable relation—every universal impulse—is an exponent of an Idea of God." This sentence is certainly obscure, and this obscurity might be attributed to its isolation; but we can assure the reader that even in the full light of its context it is not clear until after a pause of reconsideration. When we speak of "an Idea of God" we commonly mean an idea which some one has formed concerning God; and it is a great solecism to employ this phrase for an Idea which dwells in, or is entertained by, the Divine Mind. Yet such is the intention in the passage quoted. Now if it had been allowable for the writer to have said, "an Idea of God's;" all hesitation and ambiguity would have been instantly dispelled by that little additional letter; and this example serves at once to illustrate the kind of need that might arise for the Double Genitive, and also at the same time to make us aware of a limit to its applicability and appropriateness. This limit will be noticed again by and by.

The Romanesque genitive is thus

seen to be occasionally liable to confusion, and the retention of the old Gothic *s* seems to act as a guard against this confusion. I will add another illustration to the same effect, only of a humbler kind. A lady was reading to her husband in the quiet hour after the household had retired to rest, and the book was the "Letters of Sara Coleridge." The lateness of the hour had doubtless a good deal to do with the misapprehension of a passage in itself not obscure:—

"The following description of Carlyle seems to me to point at what is Dante's characteristic power:—"The very movements in Dante have something brief, swift, decisive—almost military. The fiery, swift Italian nature of the man—so silent, passionate—with its quick, abrupt movements, its silent, pale rages—speaks itself in these things."

When the lady had read thus far, she exclaimed, "I don't see how that is a description of Carlyle!" At which her husband simply answered, "Ah, I see it is time to shut the book." To this incident, which happened yesterday, I can add one that is as fresh in my memory as if it had indeed happened yesterday, though I am not sure whether twenty or thirty years ago would be the nearer date. In the circle of a Common Room, it happened one day that the conversation turned on some peculiar expressions in the Prayer-Book. Among others, this came up for discussion:—"In knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life"—and it was maintained, by a theologian who was even then known beyond academic limits, that this meant to assert the foreknowledge of God concerning the salvation of man. The phrase is not genitival; his error consisted in so regarding it; and it was the Romanesque *of* that was the snare.

These instances are sufficient to show that there is a liability to confusion in the Romanesque uses of this preposition; and if this is established, we have found a justification for the cumulate use of the Double Genitive, as a means of putting the intended meaning beyond the reach of mistake; and we seem to

have reason enough to pronounce this formula cumulative and not elliptical. We speak, however, of the Substantival instances only. The difference between these and the Pronominal becomes more manifest the more the two are examined and compared. Of this I will give two illustrations, one external and the other internal. The external fact is this, that the Pronominal formula can be derived from the French language, while the Substantival one cannot. The internal fact is this, that there is a peculiar sentiment or association of ideas attaching to each of the two severally, and which is not common to both. I do not deny that they have a good deal in common. This is not to be wondered at, for two such formulas, however distinct in origin, could not but have attractions for each other, and mutual bleedings which would tend to obscure their original distinctness. In tracing their history, therefore, that which is common to both is of less significance than that which is peculiar in each. And this latter is tolerably well marked. The distinctive air of the Substantival formula is a certain free and easy familiarity, which was the cause of the limit above noticed, to which we promised to revert by and by. Nobody could decently say "that boy of Norcott's" unless he were on pretty easy terms both with Norcott himself and also with the person to whom his conversation was addressed. But less of this attends upon the use of the expressions 'a horse of mine' and 'a cousin of ours'—if there is something of the same feeling it may have been rubbed off from the other formula, and anyhow it is not the proper characteristic of the Pronominal formula: that which is proper to the latter is a certain numerical assumption. The man who says 'a horse of mine,' uses a style which befits the man of many horses; and he who says 'a cousin of ours' speaks like the head of a clan. Generalisms of this sort are not of course to be challenged as if they were universal propositions; enough, if the reader can see instances in which they would hold.

Here then we recognize an effect like that of the French—*Il est des miens*, He is one of my people; or, *Ils sont des nôtres*, They are of our household, suite, party. In French these expressions carry with them a sound of greatness; and this sound rings in Othello's sentence to Cassio: "Never more be officer of mine." Moreover, the Pronominal formula would appear to have been established and acknowledged much earlier than the Substantival formula. Indeed this difference of date is so well marked that it may be regarded as a third ground of distinction between these two formulas. Mr. Thiriold has produced ten instances of the Double Genitive from Shakspeare, but they are all of the pronominal type—*of mine—of thine—of yours*; and we may presume that he found none of the substantival type when he was collecting the others. The oldest instance I am able to produce of the Substantival formula is from the Bible of 1611—"How many hired servants of my father's;"—indeed, so far as I know, this example is isolated by its antiquity.¹ On the other hand, it is not difficult to collect early instances of the Pronominal type, as 1 Sam. ii. 33, "the man of thine, whom I shall not cut off"—and "this charitable work of our's" in the Baptismal Office.

From these circumstances I conclude that it is not to be taken for granted, that these two formulas are of one root. It seems probable that the Pronominal formula is the older of the two, and that it was originally a mere imitation of a French expression. The Substantival formula is probably more recent; it may have been somewhat indebted to the other for its introduction into our language, but it rests upon a separate necessity and demand; it discharges a

¹ But indeed I believe this is only an apparent and not a real instance of the formula under discussion. A critical comparison of the versions suggests that here the construction is really elliptical, and that "my father's" stands for "my father's house." The Vulgate has, "Quanti mercenarii in domo patris mei." Wyclif, "How many hired men in my father's house." Tyndale, and of some of his successors, "How many hyred servauntes at my father's."

distinct function. The Pronominal formula may reasonably be called Elliptical: the Substantival formula is not Elliptical, but Cumulative. The former is of French extraction; the latter is a pure domestic growth. To the two forms of Genitive which had descended to us from the meeting of the Gothic and Romanesque races in this island, it has added a third, with an aspect and physiognomy apart. And here we may observe, that this cumulative action of language is not merely an idle variation of externals, but that it contributes towards the proper end of language by the enlargement and variation of the faculty of expression.

This phenomenon of Cumulation does not present itself equally under all conditions of language. It must be regarded as a wilding, of strong energy and slender intelligence; ever seeking to push its way, and continually checked by the maturer wisdom of the logical principle; able occasionally to secure a position here and there in the freest languages, and least likely to be found where the dominion of Grammar is most absolute. A palmary example in Greek is its Pleonasm of Negatives; but beyond this, the Greek and Latin languages are generally so logic-bound that they offer but few examples within the classic pale, and these only survivals from the less conscious pre-classic times; as *πρώτιστος, ἐσχατώτερον, ἐσχατώτατα*. The larger number are post-classical, such for example, as, *ἐπιδιώτερον, μεζιώτερον*, in the New Testament; and in modern Greek, the popular *ὁ πλέον πλουσιώτερος* for the expression of the superlative degree, as if we were to say 'the more wealthier' to signify the wealthiest. So in Latin; while a few instances of Cumulation are classical, as *permaximus, derminimus, perpaucissimi*: the list can be most readily filled from later writers,

in whose pages we find *postremius, postremissimus, extremus, extremissimus, infimiores, minimissimus, pessimissimus*.¹

The Latin affords another set of examples in its conjunctions, as, *jam nunc, jamjam, verum enimvero*. Traces of the same habit are in the Latin pronouns, *memet, tute, quidquid*. The language in which this particular form of pronominal Cumulation is most marked is the Welsh, with its *myfi, chwychiwi, hwythwy*: where the pronouns I, you, they, are re-doubled.

In French we may hear *c'est mon livre à moi*, as if we should say, 'It is my book mine;' and in German we may read, *Jetzt war der Jünger ihre Zeit* (Rieger's "Commentary," i. 333), which I despair of rendering into English in any useful or illustrative manner.

The above examples are calculated to suggest that this habit of cumulation or stratification, or whatever it is to be called, is naturally incidental to all languages; that it is ever ready at hand, when not excluded by classicism, to give a new face to old and worn expressions; that it has produced our Double Genitive, and that it is a general and important agent for the infusion of new vigour into a trite and effete phraseology.

In the English language Cumulation has flourished with uncommon exuberance; and this may be attributed to two causes—the material of the language, which is highly composite, and the genius of the language, which is rebellious against classic restraint.

JOHN EARLE.

¹ One of the forms of Cumulation is found in the word *Lemures*, according to Mr. Isaac Taylor, who, in his charming book of "Etruscan Researches," tells us that the last syllable is the Latin sign of plurality added to *ur*, its equivalent in the old Etruscan, and that the root of the word is *Lem*.

NOTES ON ROME.

I. THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME.

EXACT topographical description is a comparatively new feature in geography and history: the result of advanced geological and other studies. It bears the same relation to the general subject as anthropology bears to physiology, a well worked out detail. "Voyages and Travels," the folios of fifty years past, contented themselves as a rule with describing sites and scenery as the pictures affected the authors, their feelings, and so forth; much upon the same principle as the modern critic, who reviews not the book, but the writer of the book—a firm reliance upon the power of the personal. Consequently, those fine old English travel-works were weak in their topography as in their anthropology, and both were very weak indeed.

This defect is, naturally enough, reflected by books of compilation, and in the large branch of literature known as the popular. Turn, for instance, to the British Murray, the lineal successor of Mrs. Starke *et compagne*. Read the paragraph entitled the "Seven Hills," and you will readily understand my meaning. Every schoolboy learns from his Butler, his Lemprière, or his Smith (Dr. Wm.), the list which made up the "urbs septicollis;" every collegian can go through the list of Palatine, Quirinal, &c. But one and all, when quoting the resounding line—

"Septem urbs alta jugis toti quæ præsidet
orbi—

have a hazy idea that Rome the city still sits, as she originally sat, upon seven distinct *monti* (hills). And haziness of idea, I would observe, is apt to affect the memory: we can hardly remember long what we fail to see distinctly and in due order.

Let us try if the Seven Hills will not fall into a natural topographical series

easily understood and not readily forgotten. It is quite true that Time, by adding thirty or fifty feet of *débris* to the surface has, at some points, "rendered it difficult to distinguish the limits of the original eminences." We may be sure that the outlines of the seven, especially the four consecutive hills of which I shall speak, have greatly changed. But we are equally certain that the main features remain unaltered, and in order to avoid becoming more archaeological than is necessary, we will speak of the "montes" as they now are.

A section from Ancona to Civita Vecchia shows the "humilis Italia"—maritime Italy—extending along the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene Seas, to be composed of water-rolled calcareous pebbles, underlying humus of various thickness. Down the whole length of the axis run the Apennines forming the backbone of the Peninsula, and the limestones and sandstones of the highlands have been washed down to create the lowlands, even as Egypt was said of the ancients to be the gift of the Nile. But about Rome and elsewhere there are igneous complications. We see the direct effects of the Latian volcanoes in the rolling basaltic ridge, whose extreme tongue, buttressing the left or western bank of the Almo, is still quarried near the Appian Way about the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The material is a close grained blue rock, containing crystals of lime and several peculiar minerals. The peculiar rocks of Rome itself, as we may remark upon the Monte Verde, and in the Mamertine prison, are the tufa, whose earthly texture shows chiefly if not wholly volcanic ashes, and the peperino, sand pasted together with erupted cinereous matter: a noted variety of the latter is the Gabino of Gabii (*Lapis Gabinus*): Both tufa and peperino resemble the puzzolina of Puzzuoli, the light, porous,

and friable mixture of silica, alumina, and iron, the basis of hydraulic cement. And both contrast with the travertino of Tivoli and elsewhere, a white concretionary stone, originally lime, in solution deposited by fresh water, often hard, generally containing heterogeneous matter like pudding-stone, and sometimes assuming a semi-crystalline character. The stones of Rome, therefore, neglecting the foreign marbles, are peperino and tuff, basalt and travertino.

Let us cast a look upon the site of Rome in those palæolithic days when the Alban block ceased to build up the country by deluging it with fire, and when the goodly scene was gradually assuming its present shape. Geologists still dispute whether the large watercourses of the præ-historic period changed to the comparatively small rivers of our times gradually or *per saltum*, and Mr. Belgrand has given reasons for his belief that in some cases, especially in the Parisian basin, "*les grands cours d'eau de l'âge de pierre sont devenues tout à coup les petites rivières que nous voyons couler de nos jours.*" And the cause is as variously sought in the secular growth of the earth and in the newer theory—the *Einsturz Hypothese*, which is taking its place. But no one doubts that the valleys were shallower, and therefore more saturated than the deep drains of the present day; that the spring floods carrying off the accumulated ice and snow of winter were sudden and violent, and consequently that the rivers were giants compared with pigmies. Nor indeed can it be doubted: it is written upon the rocks in characters which all may read.

The imperial stream now shrunk to a mere cunette in its lowest depressions, and wandering about the Prati or leas of its valley, was then a broad sheet of turbid water filling the whole space between the two parallel ridges which still sub-tend its course. The same was evidently the case with its influents the Turrone, the Acqua Maranna, and the Almone. Old river-banks still remain to prove the extent of the original beds, that of the Tiber varying in breadth from less than

one mile at the north and south, to about three at the central bridge. The riparian material is a soft crumbling tuff, sub-stratified, readily forming caves, and easily cut with the pick; alternating with confused layers of river-silt, resembling, but a little older than, that now used for brick-making, and embedding particles of mica, limestone, quartz, trap, and other hard rocks. This incipient stone is well developed in the low and precipitous sides of the yellow buttresses lying to the north of the Pincian Hill, in the riverine front of the Capitol, at the dwarf scour called the (*Cafarelli*) Tarpeian Rock, and in other places where the summit has been shaped by nature or art.

The classical stream, at present impure and wanting a washing as badly as Father Thames, approaches the venerable ground in a succession of snaky curves. Drive along the Flaminian Way to the Ponte Molle, and turn up the left-bank road leading past the Acqua Acetosa towards the debouchure of the Turrone or Anio Rivro. Here the valley belonging to the ages which it is the custom to call geological, præ-historic, or proto-historic, is admirably defined. The right bank is a green plain with regular buttresses like earthworks, dented by occasional bays; and the Tor di Quinto hills, after impinging upon the stream, shelve away to enchain themselves with the Monte Mario. On the left bank are the grassy mounds, buttresses, and tumuli which denote the site of Turrigere Antennæ (which the guidebooks will write *turrigire*), and are now known as the Monti dell' Acqua Acetosa. They are continued down stream by the Monti Parioli, whose sides and summits, crowned with villas and lines of cypresses, are often isolated by the beds of secondary drainage-lines passing between the heights. Many of these "Monti" are mere heaps and ridges in the old valley sole, as we may see by passing out of the Porta del Popolo, and turning to the right from the villa and fountain of Papa Giulio, under the Arco Oscuro: here we shall find still further eastward the true river-bed of antiquity.

About the parallel of the Porta del Popolo the Tiber forms a reach running, to speak roughly, north-south, and after a few hundred yards begins the great western bend, at whose furthest projection stood the Pons Triumphalis. This is followed by an easterly road, whose extreme limit would be the modern suspension bridge (*Pons Emilii*),—where the self-plying nets curiously remind one of the Na' urah, or giant box-wheels of the Syrian Orontes,—and the strip of embankment where some score of wild craft denote the "Port" of modern Rome. Here again the Tiber flows north-south past the Monte Testaccio, curves a little to the east, and then sweeps sharply westward at the Prati de S. Paolo, the suburban St. Paul, near the celebrated basilica of that name.

The fluviatile valley of the Tiber is the main feature of the site of Rome, but it is complicated by the presence of three—perhaps it would be more correct to say four—other secondary river beds.

The first is the course of the Anio, Aniene, or Teverone, which defines the north-eastern, or as we may call them, the landward slopes of the Roman hills. This stream is well known as draining the eastern or Tivoli block, a spur projected westward and south-westward by the Apennines. Its left bank receives the Fosso della Maranella, a water-course partly natural and partly artificial, which subtends the eastern walls. Of this I shall have occasion to speak again.

The second is the course of the Almo or Almone, the classical "brevisimus Almo," which exerts considerable effect upon the southern contour. It drains the Alban hills, that volcanic mass to the south-south-east of Rome, springs from the slopes about the Mura de' Francesi, and makes part of the Campagna a labyrinth of old wady-beds and channels, some the work of nature, others of man. Under the name of Valle Cafarella it forms a broad and well-defined channel: its old bed, scarped with red tufa, is distinctly seen from Egeria's clump of holm-oaks, the false nymphæum lying in the actual valley, whilst the Via Appia (Pignatello), the circus or hippodrome of

Maxentius, the catacombs of Calixtus (cimiterio de S. Sebastiano), the church of "Domine quo Vadis," and the old Roman Mausolea, all occupy the broken left or western bank. The Almo, still under the name of Cafarella, now bends from south-east to north-west, and twists and flows with a breadth of about twelve feet in a wide basin past the conspicuous modern bastion "Sangalla," this part of the southern wall being built on its high right bank. Then running by the Vicolo della Moletta, its right side forms the Mons Æliolus, or Æliolus Minor (Fabricius Roma, chap. 3), and the buttresses crowned by the temples of SS. Balbina and Saba. Finally it disappears under the Via Ostiensis, not far north of the basilica of S. Paolo fuori le mura, and finds a grave in the Tiber.

The third is the Acqua Maranna, so called, it is supposed, from its origin—the slopes east of Marino (Castrimanium): though less important, it is somewhat longer than the Almo, which rises west of it. This stream, called Acqua Crabra in its upper or southern part, and La Moletta in the lower, where it drives a mill, is extremely complicated, being partly an independent feature and partly a branch of the Almo. Want of slope in the Campagna causes an immense confusion, covering the surface with a network of rivulet-valleys, wet and dry; and near Roma Vecchia di Frascati we still see the "lock and lasher" diverting into the Almo the waters of the Maranna, which there flows upon a raised leat of earth-work. Approaching Rome it bends from south-east to west, and its right bank shows well-defined and scarped sides, above which St. John of Lateran is built. It passes under the city walls near the closed Porta Metronia, forms the true Vallis Egeriæ, whose fountain of wonderful transparency and, alas for romance! slightly medicinal, lies on the right bank. Its left side is formed by the Mons Cæliolus, continued by the two other buttresses which have been mentioned as bounding the Almo on

the right. The Mons Caelius and the Palatine prolong the rise upon whose slopes the true Egeria lies, and with the Aventine on the other side (west) the Maranna passes through the Circus Maximus to the Tiber. The Maranna, I warn the reader, must not be confounded with the Maranna di Grotta Perfetta, another offset of the Almo arising from the Colle di Grotta Perfetta to the south, crossing the Via Ostiensis where stands the Ponticello di S. Paolo, and falling into the Tiber south of the great extramural basilica.

Thus the site of Rome, whose hills evidently rise above the soft waves of the Campagna, is bounded north and west by the Tiber; north-east by the Anio or Teverone; east by the Fosso della Maranella, and south-east and south by Aqua Maranna and the Almo. As is the rule of primary rivers, the Tiber flows upon an elevated plane, and beyond the hills, the buttresses and the bays of its old fluvial banks, there is a compound slope at right angles inland. The depression is readily noted by walking down the Via Nomentana (Sta. Agnese) outside the Porta Pia towards the valley of the Anio.

The present walls show the Pagan city at its largest, and a study of the Almo valley renders it unnecessary to prolong the enceinte, as some antiquaries have done, southwards. The capital of Christianity occupies both banks and the site of the old river bed—an irregular amphitheatre. There is more level ground on the left than on the right side of the fluvial plain, because the Monte Mario hills—the Janiculum and its continuations flanking the stream—run in a tolerably straight line from north to south; the eastern, or left bank, on the other hand, is disposed in crescent shape, with the hollow fronting the river, and the latter curves away westward, leaving a much larger area.

The western, or right bank of the Tiber, is easily understood when viewed from any height—the Pincian gardens, for instance—it is little built upon, and it is free from the complications of

secondary valleys. Similarly, for a study of the complicated site of Lisbon, we must cross to the opposite side of the Tagus. Beginning north with the Tor di Quinto and the Monte Mario, we notice a line of dome-shaped mountains, disposed in regular sequence, curving with the stream; their walls are either sloped or bluff with brick-cuttings, and their summits are crowned with churches and villas, with gardens, vineyards, and fields. The cypress and the stone-pine—a conjunction so characteristic of Roman scenery—contrast strangely with the huge crops of ferns and of nettles and thistles which would do honour to Scotland. Then, bending slightly westward and forming more than one parallel cut by lateral valleys, the bank projects eastward a long tongue or ridge, as may be seen by walking through the Porta Angelica, up the Leonine Via della Mura, and a mile or so westward from the Porta Pertusa. This buttress is the Mons Vaticanus, so called, they say, from the god Vagitanus or Vaticanus, or from the Vates, who here gave their prophetic answers; it contained the tomb of Scipio Africanus, and it was first inclosed by Leo IV. The range still runs southward, taking for a mile and a half the name of Mons Janiculus, or Janicularis, named from the town of Janus, or because Janus was here buried, or because it was the Janua by which the Romans attacked the Tuscans. Ancus Martius fortified, and Aurelian annexed this Janiculum, and here also is S. Pietro in Montorio, the Mons Aureus of golden sands (Fabricius Roma, i. 3) which, according to Martial (iv. 64) is the most fitting standpoint for a full prospect of the Eternal City—

“Hinc septem dominos videre montes
Et totam licet aestimare Romam.”

Further on, the old right bank becomes the Monte Verde outside the Porta Portese, and lastly, La Magliana, where the valley flares out before debouching upon the bourne whence no river ever returns.

The eastern, or left bank, is equally well-defined north of the Villa Borghese, and we may assume the “Monti Farioli,”

with their scarps and outlines, their steps and terraces divided by bays and inlets, and their height, varying from 100 to 300 feet above the water, as the typical hills of old Rome. Here the muddy stream now swirling thirty feet deep in its silty bed, evidently swung in bygone ages; we see this in the scarps of the hills and buttresses everywhere more or less precipitous, except when converted by art into stiff zigzag ramps, up which horses painfully struggle—for instance, the ascent to the Barberino Palace. So in modern Babylon the Duke of York's column stands upon the old raised bank of a Thames very different in dimensions from what it is now. For a general view, ascend the tower of the Capitol, or drive to S. Pietro in Montorio, where now lie the Pincian gardens of the south-west or "city" end. A walk along the Via Sistina, the Via Tiber, the Via delle Quattro Fontane, the Piazza di Santa Maria Maggiore, and the Via Merulana, shows as clearly as possible the ups and downs of the old river side, which is always on the right hand. Another walk southwards from the Porta Pia, along the Via della Mura of the old city, will give an excellent idea of the buttresses and bays in the riverine banks of the Fosso della Maranella, the Acqua Maranna, and the Almo.

Historically and chronologically we speak of the Palatine, Quirinal, Capitoline, Caelian, Aventine, Viminal, and Esquiline. The topographical sequence, beginning from the north, along the left bank of the old river, would be the Quirinal and its buttress, the Capitol; the Viminal, the Esquiline with its buttress the Caelian; and the two isolated tumuli, the Palatine and the Aventine.

Concerning each of these features a few lines of explanation will be necessary, and we may commence our survey from north to south by the hill of the Pincii, *alias* the Collis Hortorum, or Hortulorum, derived from the gardens of Sallust. Following the ridge of the Trinita de Monti, where the model-haunted steps run up the ancient bank, we come to the lordly Quirinal. It was

added by Numa Pompilius (Dionysius Halicarnassus, lib. 2). The old name derived from the temple of Quirianus (Romulus) or from the Sabine Quirites, the citizens of Cures, Curium, or Quirium—here removed with their chief, Titus Tatius—was afterwards changed to Caballus from the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, presented to the much-defamed Nero by Tiridates, king of Armenia (Fabricius Roma, chap. 3). The breadth of the modern Quirinal is crossed by walking from the Piazza Barberini, up the Via delle Quattro Fontane, to the dwarf square of the same name, and by descending the southern section of "Four-fountain Street." Its highest and westernmost buttress, Monte Cavallo, retains the classical name, and the length of the ridge may be appreciated by passing along the Via Venti Settembre, which forms its crest. Lastly, to understand the crescent-form bending to the south-south-east and the old river front, you follow the Via Quirinale, down the steep descent past the Tor de Conti ("Nero's town,") to the Campo Vaccino. This will also illustrate the riverine faces of the Viminal and the Esquiline.

The Capitoline Hill here appears to be a digression, but it is not. This Mons Saturni, or Saturnius, derived its earliest name from the venerable god who lived there, *ὁς λέγεται*: as the Tarpeian rock immortalizing the name of the young person who betrayed the Citadel-asylum to the Sabines, it was recovered for the city by Romulus, after incorporating the Quirites with his *Populus Romanus*; and, lastly, it became the Capitolium, or Mons Capitolinus, from the human head found when digging the foundations of the Jovian Temple, popularly placed at the Ara Caeli; and thus it is synonymous with Golgotha and Calvary. Topographically, it is the south-western buttress of the Quirinal, and hence the Arx of the Sabines, who occupied the whole ridge. As Trajan's column tells us, the connecting neck of land was cut away to make room for his Forum, and the inscription fixes the height of the old ridge or isthmus at

about 127·5 English feet—namely, the altitude of the whole column from its base, exclusive of the statue and pedestal. Mons Capitolinus is a buttress of peperine scarped by art towards the stream, sloping in other parts, and artificially ramped towards the south-east.

The Viminal, a small and humble feature, lies immediately south of the Quirinal. It took a name, they say, from the Vimina, or Rivis, which grew along the old river bed and formed a thicket about the altar of Jupiter Viminus (Varro); Servius Tullius added it to the city (Dion. Hal., lib. 4). It is a short, tongue-shaped ridge projecting to the south-west, beginning at the foot of the southern Via delle Quattro Fontane and ending at the Via Nazionale. The Via dei Stuzzi runs along its crest, and its junction with the Quirinal is shown by the so-called Baths of Diocletian. By turning to the right and then to the left, up the Via Venezia, you can distinctly trace in its riverine point the scarped rock of the old bed and the cut caves so common in classical ages. The limits of the Viminal elsewhere are difficult to lay down, as this part of the bank has been torn to pieces.

Worse still is the Esquiline, the largest and the most confused; there is a break of continuity in the left bank, and the complications of the Acqua Maranna render it an exceedingly tough bit. According to Fabricius (chap. 3) its ancient names were Mons Cispinus and Mons Oppius. Esquilinus is a corruption, *on dit*, of Excubinus, ab Excubiis, from the outlying watch kept by Romulus (Propertius, ii. 8), and it was added to the city by Servius Tullius, whose palace was here (Livy, i. 44).

The modern Esquiline is, roughly speaking, bounded north and separated from the Viminal by the ascent of Santa Maria Maggiore, and denoted south by the Baths of Titus. The church of Santa Pudenziana shows the riverine front, which is continued behind the Flavian amphitheatre (Coliseum). Walking down the Via Merulana towards S. John of Lateran, we see on the left (east) an old scarped bank showing the

action of water inland from the Esquiline, forming a long deep bay, with west-east trend between it and the Mons Caelius. As has been mentioned, the valley of the Acqua Maranna curves round the southern side.

The Caelian hill is to the Esquiline what the Capitoline is to the Quirinal. Called Querculanus, or Queratulanus, *dizem*, from its oak copses, and Augustus, because the Emperor Tiberius built upon it after a fire (Tacit. Annals, 4; Lactantius in Tib., chap. 48), it was annexed to the city by Tullus Hostilius (Livy, i. 30; Dion. Hal., lib. 3), or by Ancus Martius (Strabo, lib. 5). It is evidently a buttress thrown forward to the west by the left bank of the Tiber, and by the right side of the Acqua Maranna. The large map of Messrs. Parker and Fabio Gori, which is hung up at the entrance of the British and American Archaeological Society, makes the Caelian distinct from the Esquiline hill. But it is not so, as any one can ascertain for himself by walking up the new road leading from the Coliseum past the ruins of the Claudian substruction; here the connection at once becomes evident.

The sixth and seventh hills, the Palatine and Aventine, no longer belong to the system of the Tiberine left bank, although possibly in geological ages the former might have been connected with the Caelian, and afterwards isolated by human labour. Both, as they now stand, are detached tumuli—large warts on the sole of the river-valley. Smaller features of the same kind will be noticed in the course of the Anio. The lordly Palatine, named from Pales or from Palas—how many gods to one city!—from the Palantes or the Palatini, or from the bleating of sheep (*palare* being the older form of *balare*), is identified with the history of the world's capital, from the Roma Quadrata of Romulus and Tullus Hostilius to the Palatium of Augustus. Its present form is a lozenge, with the long diameter generally trending north-south. The Aventine, a hill of many names, variously derived, called after Aventinus, king of Alba from the

Avens rivulet, or *ab avibus*, the birds of Tiber; also known as Murcius, from Murtia, the goddess of sleep, whose temple stood here (Festus); as Collis Diane, from the fane of Diana, and as Remonius, from Remus, who was buried upon the hill where he wished the city to be founded (Plutarch in Roma), was added by Ancus Martius (Eutropius 1). It is an irregular square, or trapezoid, which, like the Capitoline, bounds and deflects the Tiber to the west. This hillock is mostly concealed by houses, but the *charpente osseuse* shows itself in a bluff river-front, a kind of sea cliff, to those who pass by the south-western end towards the pyramid of Cestius—a monument, by the by, quite worthy of the late M. Soyer. From the Monte Testaccio, which commands a fine view of the Maranna and the Almo valleys; the Aventine is seen to slope gently towards the city walls. Here also are good studies of the Mons Caeliolus, and the buttresses crowned by the churches of SS. Balbina and Saba.

The Palatine and Aventine were once parted by the Maranna stream, whose channel silting up became a swamp or marsh, and finally gave place to the riverine end of the Cloaca Maxima below, and to the Circus Maximus above ground. It shows the wondrous conservatism of the world, when we remember that Juvenal (Sat. 3) left the Jews living in this the true Egerian valley—

"Nunc sacri fontes, nemus et delubra locantur
Judeis"—

and we see that they still use it for burying their dead. In other matters they have greatly changed: the grandfathers kept shops; the grandsons are princes in Israel and out of it, marrying the noblest of the land, and disdaining neither to wear graven images, nor to bear on the breast a corselet of crosses.

Such, then, are the far-famed "Seven

Hills of Rome." As might be expected in the days when many a Cacus flourished, they were first occupied by little villages that feared the plains, and perched themselves upon defensible summits: we still see them so placed in every country part of Italy. The first connection would be by a wall uniting settlement with settlement, and doubtless in those early times the scarped sides of the hills and the houses themselves continued the line of curtain. Such, indeed, we learn from history was the work of Servius Tullius, when he took in the seven eminences by a wall and an agger some seven Roman miles long. The Servian fortification began at the Porta Trigemina, passed south of the Aventine, including the Palatine connected with the Celian. In the church of San Clemente, at the foot of the Esquiline, we still find remains, large quadrilateral blocks of "headers and stretchers," much resembling the Etruscan ashlar-work, and the draughting and bossing deserve careful study. Hence the wall swept to the N.N.E. and north, and became an agger on the eastern or landward slopes of the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal, between the Porta Esquilina and the Porta Viminalis. Thence it ran westward of the great parallelogram called the Prætorian Camp; and lastly, falling south-westward, it embraced the Capitoline and united with the Tiber a little north of where it began.

Thus secured by strong fortifications, a large and ever-increasing population would gather upon the more convenient valley-sole, with its ready access to the main artery of commerce; and, finally, the masters of the world, having no foes to fear but themselves, would spread far and wide beyond the original walls, and push their dwelling-places into the fair Campagna.

To be continued.

"OLD LABELS."

EVENTS have lately so shaped themselves in my life that it has become necessary for me to buy furniture, and materially increase my stock of goods and chattels. Among other things, my wardrobe has needed one or two alterations, and, having in view the possibility of no little travelling, I have thought it advisable to supply myself with a new outfit of portmanteaux, carpet bags, and trunks. Mine were indeed old. But by far the oldest of the things of the kind in my possession was a dilapidated hatbox which I had owned for many a year, and which had followed me in many a wandering. It was assuredly past work; its edges were worn through, its cover was split in one or two places, and in every part it showed signs of long use and some rough handling. It was an old companion, and before handing it over finally to my servant to be sold as old leather, I amused myself by tearing off the various labels which in whole or part still remained on its weather-beaten back and sides.

How many associations they recall! How many feelings of days long gone by force themselves into my mind as I read the names of the places where those feelings first had being, or were most strong! Phases of life for ever past; hopes and fears the folly of which is now so apparent; memories of friends no longer friendly, or of acquaintances once in perpetual intercourse, but now far removed from my ken; all these are brought before me as vividly as if they still were, and it seems as though the past and I were united once more.

Peeping out here and there, or buried amid a superimposed pile of others, are fragments such as Ox . . . Oxf . . . for . . . rd . . . What a happy life they bring back! The freshman's term, when all was new and strange, when tradesmen solicited custom and not money, when attendance at chapel

and college lectures seemed the thing which would commend itself to every well-ordered mind, when an invitation to wine seemed the height of social felicity, when dinners in hall were eaten regularly and without complaint, when the tutors appeared models of wisdom and good manners, and their instruction the essence of education, when the 'Varsity eleven, or the 'Varsity eight, seemed heroes of almost another world, and a canoe down to Ifley, or half-an-hour's practice on the Magdalen was as much as one's studious habits would allow. And then the second year—the year perhaps in one's life which one would most readily select to live over again, were it not for the stern rule,

"Non tamen irritum
Quodcumque retro est efficit, neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit."

The year in which there is more enjoyment perhaps than is possible in any other time of life, in which "the blossom of the flying terms" is sweetest, in which, in a word, the one sole drawback to happiness is the near approach of "Mods." Oh, that second year at Oxford, how many others is it not worth! New friendships are in their full flush; new pleasures are found out, but not become stale; the strength of manhood has arrived, its stern necessities are still to come. The dons are still friendly, tradesmen are still indulgent, the wished-for place in the eleven or the eight is perhaps attained, and the firm determination to beat "those Cambridge devils," lends zest to practice, and pleasure to self-denial. Every pleasure is in full swing, and every week passes as it were a day. Who would not be back again at Oxford who has once drunk of its intoxicating joys? The summer days at Bullington, with the races on the wearied old hacks, the hard-fought matches on the Magdalen, or determined

sputs from the "Gut," the cheery evenings of talk on literature or politics, when dogmas were laid down with the full authority of inexperience, and when no debater ever considered the possibility of a question having two sides, or of there being any exception to the general rule so boldly propounded. Then the winter mornings—hunting breakfasts, covert hacks to Lord Macclesfield's opening meets, or Tolley's best screws for a day with the Christ Church harriers. Then the whist parties at Merton, the literary dinners at Balliol, the snipe shootings with fellows of Magdalen, the balls at Woodstock, the rubbers at racquets, the games of pool after club wines, the cosy *tête-à-têtes* with a bosom friend, or the pleasant gatherings of three or four to crack a bottle of claret after hall; the forbidden dinners at the Mitre, where the dreaded apparition of a proctor was so imminent, and where the shrill voice of "Snipes" was so often heard ordering champagne cup for number four. Is there anything like such a life? Is the capacity for enjoyment ever so keen? Do troubles ever seem so light, difficulties ever cause less anxiety?

Then the third year, with "Greats" impending like the sword of Damocles over one's head, with the problem of life coming nearer, with duns growing clamorous and dons more exacting, with its losses by friends going down and cherished coteries being broken up, and finally with its desperate excitement of the schools, and the stormy interview with "the governor." And then a visit to Oxford for the last time, when in the view of shouting freshmen you put on your master's gown and look to see whether your whiskers are not grey.

They are numerous and bright recollections that are brought back to me by these innermost labels of my hat-box.

Genève, tightly fastened on, and near another ticket on which the letters de l'Éc are just legible. Hôtel de l'Écu, Genève; that was at the end of my second year. We went for a reading party to Switzerland, four of us. A reading party, save the mark! Two

No. 181.—VOL. XXXI.

were mad for walking, and thought nothing compatible with Anglicism save mounting the ruggedest peaks and chilliest glaciers they could find; two were fishermen, and ferreted out the most likely rivers within miles of Geneva. One made desperate efforts to learn the language, but without success. "Donnez-moi de poison," he said, on one occasion to the astonished waiter; and on another "Je suis femme." But we did but little reading, and owed to our work in the coming term the little satisfaction which we gave to the Moderators. Still, we enjoyed ourselves, and did ourselves good. What glorious swims in the clear blue waters of the Rhine; what expeditions to Chillon, Ouchy, and Vevay; what rambles through the valleys of the Brevent range; and what laborious climbs up the Buet, and the Col d'Anterne! I shall never forget one bathe we had. We had had a plunge in the lake of Geneva in the morning, the warm water of which was delightful, and in the afternoon we had a hot and dusty walk. Towards six we arrived at a little village in the mountains, near to which was a small lake, into which we all of us fancied a header. Edwards, a somewhat timorous specimen, and a poor swimmer, was the first in his birthday clothes, and, pleased with his haste, plunged into the lake with unhesitating confidence. His face, on coming to the surface, was a caution. He gasped and panted like a chased hare, and made for the bank with an expression of terror. "What on earth is the matter?" "Ah! ah! ah!—it's like ice." And so it was. Ten strokes endangered cramp, and not one of us could swim across the lake. Why the water was so cold we never could fathom, but neither could we the lake itself, so perhaps its depth had something to do with it. A river close by was many degrees warmer, even when flooded with snow water.

Roberts, one of the fishermen of our party, distinguished himself shortly afterwards. He made the acquaintance of a Swiss pasteur, and tried to impress him with the attractions of a trout

stream. His reverence listened attentively to all that Roberts said, and on one occasion went so far as to accompany him up the river. Roberts, however, was rather disgusted at a way he had of picking up stones and throwing them into all the most likely pools, saying, "*Jetez la mouche là—voilà un bon endroit.*" After much argument, Roberts persuaded him that such a course was not likely to conduce to sport. Shortly afterwards the parson had his revenge, for Roberts, who was a stout, unwieldy little chap, much given to puffing at a huge meerschaum, saw a large trout rising at the opposite side of a broad pool, just about the end of his reach. He was extremely desirous of showing his skill, as well as of annexing the trout, and he made a series of violent efforts which culminated in his throwing his rod, his pipe, and himself into the water.

He was very angry at me for laughing, and still more vexed because the pasteur said he did not think much of "*la pêche.*" Indeed, we had to subscribe to give him a new pipe, or I believe he would always have allowed the episode to rankle in his mind.

I went on several reading parties while at Oxford, but none which was so varied in its enjoyments as an expedition to Switzerland. Once some of us went to Beddgelert—a corner of the Carnarvon label is still on my hat-box—and enjoyed heartily three weeks of delicious spring weather. We began badly, for, to our shame be it said, we arrived late on a Saturday evening, and spent the afternoon of the following day on the banks of the river tickling trout. The parson of the place, in consequence of this, proposed himself to bread-and-cheese and beer, and during the simple meal expatiated on the enormity of our offence, saying that it did not much matter what we did provided we did not go fishing on Sunday. We promised compliance, but we rather resented the good gentleman's reproof. I am sorry to say also that we retaliated most basely. For shortly afterwards we discovered that the reverend gentleman

was greatly given to meteorology, and weather reports. He kept a rain gauge, we ascertained, and sent every week reports of his investigations as to the rainfall of the district. Barbarously mischievous, we bribed a little boy to pour half-a-tumblerful of water into the rain-gauge every morning, in consequence of which, long before the end of our stay, the parson was amazed at the difference between the rainfall of the village as published from his reports, and his own experience of the weather. I am not quite sure whether he ever discovered the trick, but Roberts, who was the leader of the malevolence, said he was rather cool to him at a subsequent meeting.

Little Roberts was always putting his foot into it with the parsons. On one occasion we persuaded him to go to an afternoon service with us, after a luncheon in which he had given full play to his Sunday appetite. The result was that he went to sleep during the sermon. In the middle of his snooze he dropped his Prayer-Book, and said, but not loudly, "Come in." The opportunity was too good to be missed, so after a moment's pause I rapped with my umbrella on the desk in front of Roberts's nodding head. The bait took. To the amazement of the congregation, and the indignation of the eloquent preacher, who was interrupted in one of his most effective periods, Roberts started up and exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Come in, confound you! I told you so before."

Various labels of Euston, Paddington, and Waterloo. Let everything be said against it that can be, there is after all no place like London for a permanency. Where such an exchange of ideas! Where such brightening up and polish of intellect? Where such thought and easy removal of the rust which will accumulate over the clearest mind, and dim the reflection of even the most shining reason? How it varies! Before Easter, with Parliament in the full strength of spring youth, with enough people to make society, and enough "things" to please all but a social glutton. When friends are dropping

in one by one, and every day a new face is seen, and new information given and received. And then the season. A perpetual and interminable "go." Parties, dinners, visits, business. Business, visits, dinners, parties. A looking-glass crammed with cards—"At homes," "Requests the pleasure," "Is commanded to invite." Dances, teas, dinners, breakfasts. One incessant fidget from Monday to Saturday, till long ere August one is hot and wearied and satiated. The Derby week with its influx of heavy moustaches, tanned faces, and trim whiskers. Ascot with its gorgeousness of ladies' apparel, and its far more legitimate racing. Last, blissful sign of welcome release, Goodwood, with its stately scenery and far quieter crowd. And then London in November, like a restless torrent, subsided into a tranquil stream. When the few friends who are there are glad to see you, and do see you. When, if you dine out, you spend a cosy, comfortable evening, broken by no necessity of bolting away to Lady A's dinner, or Mrs. B's ball. When you have merry parties at the play, or intellectual gatherings of the clever, the odd, or the witty, to spend the long winter evenings in real enjoyment of one another's society, and not in hurried and spasmodic conversation. In the season there is no pause, no stay. Ere you have even tasted one sweet you are driven on to another. In November you have leisure to do as you will. There is none of the high pressure which in these days seems the characteristic of all combined life. For pleasure, for business, for society, London in November is far preferable to the giddy, turbulent, excited city of June and July.

Lastly, there is London at the only time when it is really hateful. From the second week in August till the third week in September. When those people who are there live in their back rooms, and when, if you meet a friend in the park, he or she looks upon you as if you were a wild man of the woods. When your club is being painted, when all the streets are up; when the opera

is shut, and none of the good plays open; when your tailor is especially anxious about his little bill; when your cook wants a holiday, and you yourself have invitations by every post; when you meet day after day men coming from and going to every conceivable state of rural enjoyment; when De Winton tells you of his moor, Fitz Alpyne of his mountain feats; when your pretty cousin is at Lucerne, your idle brother on the Spey; when you know that delights are open to you in any of which you would revel luxuriously, were it not that stern necessity chains you to the hot and dusty town. Assuredly is he to be pitied whose destiny keeps him in London when the grouse on a thousand hills are whirling away from their enemies' aim, or when the partridges are counting the hours that remain to them of life.

How the next label that I tear from my trusty hat-box changes the scene! Perth. What pleasant associations are immediately called up. Arrival in the early morning after a restless sleep, broken towards Carlisle by the jolting of the speeding train, or marred by dreams of rocky dangers or violent death. A ravenous rush to the room where a hot and hearty breakfast awaits the appetite, already stimulated by the northern air. A perpetual ringing of bells, and incoming or exit of trains, from or to which pour kilted or knickerbockered athletes, with calves of every possible degree of muscularity. Unwilling dogs, dragged at by perplexed gillies, and vainly attempting to make friends with their kind, who are being lugged in an opposite direction. Gun-cases of all shapes and sizes, and rod-boxes or bundles of rods. Cheery inquiries of friends—who ever was at Perth in August without seeing some one he knew?—as to past or coming sport. Comparison of notes as to the grouse in various counties, or the hope of proper water in the Spey, the Tweed, the Spaan, or the Tay. Or the half-concealed exultation of some fortunate who has had the higher privilege of a forest, and who perchance has had a successful

stalk of a "royal." Then how pleasant is the onward journey to the north—perchance through the Gate of the Highlands by the night garry, past the wooded vale of Killiecrankie, and on towards Inverness, through the lonely moors, where your train frightens herds of grouse, whose flight makes your fingers itch for the trigger of your gun. Ay, those past days of August, what happy days were they!

Dublin. Of all places to arrive at perchance the worst. The desolate wait at Kingstown whilst the steamer is being unladen. (Why will not the company, who have established the most perfect journey in existence, give the little finishing touch which is wanted, by having some system of more rapid unloading?) When your nostrils are still full of the steamer odour of oil and paint; when your head still owns to the rise and fall of the hateful waves, which have been "bounding beneath" you like anything but "a steed that knows its rider." When you are cold and hungry, and yet disinclined to be warm or eat. The ill-omened voice of the boy who cries out "Sh morning's shmail, shmorning's shnews, smorning's shtimes." The offensiveness of the young man who thinks it the right thing to light a cigar, but who evidently does not enjoy it. The pale faces of the dishevelled-looking ladies, whose sufferings have if possible been worse than your own. The slovenly railway carriages, and the slow, dismal journey along the coast to Dublin, ended by the unwelcomed arrival in a town which is but half awake, and not one quarter cleaned. All combine to make a coming to Dublin as chill and cheerless a performance as can well be conceived.

But Dublin brightens up on acquaintance. The chaff of the carmen is not all ideal, and good things are by no means few and far between. Talk to one, open his mouth, not by extra pay, but by a sign of interest in his welfare, by inquiries after his horse, his trade, his employment, and it will be odd if you are not rewarded by at least an occasional sparkle of that wit which is

so thoroughly characteristic of Ould Ireland.

Were you ever in Dublin in the season? If so you may have seen a society which in certain respects is unique. The "Viceraygal" lodge has immigrated to the castle, and all the rank, fashion, and beauty of the capital of the Emerald Isle are entertained week after week through the first three months of the year by the Queen's representative. The dingy old rooms, so dismal and dirty in the autumn, are brightened up and painted. Trophies of modern arms, and specimens of older weapons, adorn the staircase, up which pass a crowd of uniformed men and fair ladies to St. Patrick's Hall, where the Viceroy holds what the Fenian newspapers delight in calling his "tinsel court," and dispenses a hospitality which few are not glad to share. Assuredly when the days come that shall know no viceroyalty—and the period of that anomalous office without doubt is drawing to a close—Dublin will be not a little the loser, unless indeed it so be that royalty accords to Ireland that amount of personal attention which England and Scotland have so long appreciated, and the men of Wicklow, Kerry, or Kildare have an opportunity of showing for a length of time that loyalty which has hitherto had but spasmodic and occasional outlets.

I see that my poor old hat-box has been with me to Killarney, and I think I shall keep the old label that records the visit as a reminiscence of indeed a pleasant time. To know the full value of lake life, go and spend a fortnight in August at Killarney. Avoid the conventional routes. Do not go through the Gap of Dunloe, which, though pretty, is much exaggerated. But wander over Ross Island, climb Mangerton, and descend round Glen-a-Copple. See Torc waterfall, if you will, and by all means row by Muckross and between the lakes; but rather follow your own bent, and with sketchbook in hand wander about the wild woods, and admire to your heart's content the rich effects which the arbutus make on the

rocky shores. Then what expeditions you may have in the cool, soft evenings on the lake. When echo-men, with their detestable horns, are wearied of blowing their gamuts; when the wind has dropped, and "not a ripple stirs the tide;" when nothing breaks the silence save the sound of a rich, soft voice from the stern of your boat, or the full, round chorus of the boatmen as they sing "The Cruiskeen Lawn;" in a word, when you feel inclined to say, with the French poet of another lake—

"O temps, suspends ton vol, et vous heures
propices,
Suspendez votre cours;
Laissez nous savourer les rapides délices
Du plus beau de nos jours.

"Assez de malheureux ici bas vous implorent
Coulez, coulez pour eux.
Prenez avec leurs jours les soins qui les
devorent —
Oubliez les heureux.

"O lac, rochers muets, grotte, forêt obscure,
Vous que le temps épargne, ou qu'il peut
rajeunir,
Gardez de ce beau jour, gardez belle nature,
Au moins le souvenir."

It was once my fate to have a day's woodcock shooting in some woods close by the lower lake, and for combination of scenery and sport I doubt if that day could be equalled. One wood in especial was on a high bank overlooking the lake, on which a winter sun was shining with all its frosty brilliance.

"Frost in the air till every spray
Stands diamond set with rime,
Which falls a while at mid of day,
With tiny tinkling chime."

An unusual thing for Killarney. But this winter sun lit up the waters of the lake and the old ruined castle of Ross, and left in shade the shores on the further side, and the towering hills which in the gloom seemed sheer and precipitous. In the distance the Macgillicuddy Reeks (don't emphasize the second syllable, by the way) loomed as a severe background, and beneath our feet was the diamond-set wood which we were beating. It was a sight for sore eyes, and I confess that I stood enjoying the scene so long that "the flapped velvet of the woodcock's wing"

passed by me utterly unheeded, till I was recalled to a sense of my neglect by the jeers of the gun next me—an utterly prosaic Englishman, by the way, who cared nothing for nature except as regarded pheasants, rabbits, and, above all, "cocks." Killarney is beautiful in all seasons, but in spite of the manifold attractions of the winter, August—rich, gorgeous August—is the month in which a visit will be most repaid.

The lake, however, can be wroth as well as smiling, and its anger is by no means to be despised. It happened to me once to have a very *mauvais quart d'heure* one afternoon. We were a largish party, in not a very large boat, and some of us were children. Suddenly, with little warning, a violent squall came on, when we were some distance from any island, and about as far as we could be from the mainland. I had seen squalls on the Swiss mountain lakes, but was by no means prepared for like violence in the fair but smaller Killarney. As a matter of course the women became frightened, and the older ladies issued all sorts of contradictory orders. The girls, as an equal matter of course, were the bravest of the party, and the children rather enjoyed the fun. I saw, however, by the head boatman's face that it was no matter for joking, and as I had luckily some influence over the *steersman*, the boat's head was turned for the nearest island. As it happened, we had to row almost across the wind, a whispered consultation with Danny McFlinn having convinced me that that was the wisest, if the boldest, course; and at one time it really seemed as though we should be swamped before we reached the shore. The wind howled about us in fury; the lake spat and foamed like an angry tiger-cat; rain hissed about our ears, and every moment the waves grew larger and more threatening. We shipped one or two, one which rose over the stern of the boat and frightened her of the helm so that she dropped the ropes. Luckily the pulling was very even, and we were near the shore; but the boatmen, who were rowing all they

knew, had to pull the boat's head round and to put on an extra spurt. The boat rocked and rolled till her gunwale was close to the water. One of our party quietly took off his coat and waistcoat; but our swimming capacity was not to be tried, for by great exertions on the rowers' part they succeeded in reaching the lee of the island, where we waited till the squall had passed by and the lake had assumed again the smile of one who can ne'er be aught but pleasant. You may imagine that even when safe under the island we had a badish time. Censure was freely bandied about, she receiving not a little who had counselled the expedition. But we men lent the children what dry garments we had, and the younger women did not mind the wet; so that at last, when safe at tea on shore, we looked back on the incident with rather a pleasant interest.

There are but few more labels on my hat-box, but one recurs with considerable frequency. This frequency took its rise from a beautiful spring day in the early part of one June. I came, I saw, I—was—conquered. The latter process, of course, was not done all at once; but the wound which caused my final overthrow was sudden and severe. How shall I describe the weapon? Do I know it myself? Was it the fair young face, with its marvellous combination of gravity and merriment? Was it the blue English eyes, able alike to pour forth glances of thoughtfulness, tenderness, or wit? Was it the strong, full figure, tall yet not magnificent, slender and graceful, yet rich enough for a sculptor's admiration? Was it the *tout petit pied* which peeped out occasionally from the muslin gown, and then scuttled back to its hiding-place like a rabbit? Or was it not the sunny laugh alternating with the intelligent interest, as the talk passes

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe!"

How well I remember a curious sensation on the evening of that day that something indefinable, something of

which I was hardly conscious and could by no means explain, had happened to me! I felt a sort of mental indigestion, as though my mind had had too many good things; a sort of pain which is not all pain, like a toothache which is passing off. I did not analyse it; I knew not its cause then, and indeed not till my eyes were wider opened did I fully realise that this feeling had existed. But it was there, and it made me to be called all manner of bad and unsociable names at the club, where my conversation was monosyllabic and my whist subject to the demon of misplay.

The summer that followed was like a dream. Those days in Windsor Park when we wandered about under the stately trees and revelled in the luscious sunshine without and within. Those evenings on the Thames, when we floated from Clevedon down towards Windsor, and uncertainty was sweet. The afternoons in the playing-fields at Eton, where I gathered from the sister's love I saw what the wife's might be that I hoped for. The quiet Sundays, when I rested from the flare and heat and worry of the busy city, and in grave and thoughtful talk found in the mind I loved a richness and depth of which at first I wotted not. And then that happy day when a sweet doubt gave place to a sweeter certainty, when the tale which is ever old yet ever new, was poured into a little pink and white ear that absorbed it not unwillingly. When the answer for which I longed was given rather by the clear, deep eyes than by the trembling lips. And later, when the latter whispered that their owner thought Juliet was right when she said—

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite."

Then followed many happy days, when we two wandered about the rich English country and drank in the summer happiness mingled with the exquisite pleasure of each other's presence; while as they passed I learned that high as I had estimated the jewel I coveted,

the jewel I possessed was of more value still. I traced one by one the founts of noble thoughts and generous actions; I found depths where I had feared shallows, knowledge where I had looked for ignorance; and I gradually came to know that I should have by my side a counsellor upon whose help and sustenance I could lean. After that again there came a badish time. Fussiness ladies insisted on my boring myself in shops; I was made to advise on all sorts of mysterious colours and patterns of which I knew nothing, and then, at least, cared less. I had to hurry from furniture dealers to lawyers, from Lincoln's Inn to Regent Street. I wrote cheques till my wrist ached, pored over settlements and law deeds till my eyes ached, and argued with tradesmen and workmen and gasmen till my jaws ached. I was accused of heartlessness because I did not care two straws whether the trimmings of a muslin gown should be blue or pink, and considered it a matter of utter indifference whether a travelling dress had better be dark blue or grey. I was looked upon as almost an outcast because I said I did not in the least mind whether we went to Wales or Switzerland after that day was passed which I thought would never come. And I only was admitted into favour when I proved myself to have a certain amount of taste in reference to a pearl necklace, which the authorities were graciously pleased to approve.

And one time I had serious difficulty. It arose in some way which I could not understand, but something about a letter appeared to have given great offence, and severe glances were flashed indignantly at poor me as I vainly endeavoured to assert innocence. The difficulty might not have been cleared up had it not turned out that a curious complication had arisen, in consequence of a letter intended for some one having been retarded in some corner of the post-office, and a letter intended for me from some one having been put in a wrong envelope.

However, all these worries, as all

others do, came to an end at last; and there passed over my head a day of which even now I have a hazy conception. A restless, feverish night ended by a deep sleep in the morning. An unusual amount of new clothes brought in by my servant, including a brand-new pair of boots, with the soles discreetly blackened by the thoughtful Thomas. "Attend to that, ye churchgoing Benedicts!" Continued restlessness through breakfast and afterwards, when I had not the slightest idea what the leaders in the *Times*, which I attempted to read, were about; but I made a sort of vague effort to see whether there was anything in the *Post* about anyone being married. Fuss till dear old Roberts appeared in his brougham, with an orange-blossom as big as a half-crown in the hole of his dear little frock-coat. When I was carried off still fussily, and had to wait about half-an-hour in the church, with a sort of notion that every one was looking at me as if I ought to be ashamed of myself; and I was ashamed of myself without knowing why. Then a movement, which brought my heart into my mouth and set me trembling all over, as I advanced a few steps to meet a tall advancing figure clad all in white, and veiled by a fall of lace which but half hid a downcast face, raised but once with a look of love as the quivering fingers closed on mine. A dreamy ceremony, a burst of glorious music, a few happy moments of solitude in the homeward carriage; then an odious assemblage of people whom at any other time both of us would have welcomed heartily, but whose demonstrative kindness we both found wearying. A taste of stodgy cake, and a sip of champagne which might have been seltzer water for all I knew; an idea of some one saying something, and my having to say something else; my servant with a coat and hat, some one with a travelling-bag and shawl which I took from her and all-but left behind; and then a whirl away to Euston Square, where my poor old hat-box was impressed by a grinning porter with its last label.

C. B.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

III.—FROM 1850 TO THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

THE freedom accorded to the Roman Catholic Church, in common with other religious communities, by the Prussian Constitution of 1850, and the use made of that freedom by the Roman Curia, are landmarks of primary importance in the history of which we are treating.

The ten years which preceded 1850 were highly propitious to the growth of a good understanding between the Hierarchy and the State, and paved the way to that strange offensive and defensive alliance between the two which, after lasting uninterruptedly for twenty years, has now come to so sudden and disastrous a termination.

The close of Frederick William III.'s reign, as we showed in our preceding paper, was embittered by the conflict respecting mixed marriages which burst forth so suddenly at Cologne, and revealed the temper and attitude of a portion, at least, of the Episcopacy established and endowed in virtue of the Bull of Circumscription. The lesson was, however, lost on Frederick William IV., who, in 1840, succeeded to his father. Both father and son, it should be noted, combined with many Hohenzollern virtues a quality foreign to the Hohenzollern race, and of very doubtful advantage to absolute rulers called upon to administer the affairs of a State embracing rival Confessions. They both dabbled in theology, but from the most opposite points of the theological compass. Frederick William III. was a Protestant of Protestants, in whose eyes all shades of difference between the two Confessions which had grown out of the Reformation, paled before the mighty quality which they had in common of protesting against the errors of Rome. Alone of the

Hohenzollern sovereigns he reminds us, though in a very mild form, of Henry VIII. With him the *Jus Majestaticum circa sacra* swells out to a prerogative investing the crown with the right of determining the faith of the lieges, of drawing up creeds, and of personally superintending the composition of liturgies and hymn-books. He establishes for his Protestant subjects a new State Church—the United Lutheran and Reformed; and the tyrannical manner in which in many cases this Church was sought to be imposed upon stanch Lutheran congregations, forms a painful contrast to the otherwise just and mild character of his reign. But these matters concerned his Protestant subjects only. In his official dealings with Rome, as the negotiations for the bull *De Salute Animarum* amply show, he followed the tolerant traditions of his house, and earned from the Curia the title of a second Theodosius. It was only when the pretensions of the hierarchy touched on ground which he considered as belonging to his civil prerogative that the old Hohenzollern impatience of ecclesiastical interference burst forth in misapplied energy.

Frederick William IV., the Romanticist on the throne, as Strauss in his celebrated pamphlet¹ described him, was on every point connected with religious and ecclesiastical matters the reverse of his father. The great forms of the Middle Age from an early period filled his imagination, and in no small degree influenced his views as an absolute monarch at the beginning of his reign

¹ "Julian der Abtrünnige; oder, der Romantiker auf dem Throne der Cæsaren." In this fine specimen of psychological analysis and historical criticism Strauss draws a picture of Julian the Apostate, which, when finished, presents us with a faithful and striking portrait of Frederick William IV., without, however, once directly alluding to him.

and as a constitutional sovereign afterwards. For a nature so constituted the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, as the historical representative of the mediæval tradition, possessed peculiar fascination. Not that Frederick William IV. was ever accused, like other members of the Romantic School, of secret leanings towards the faith of Rome, but that the historical, as distinct from the dogmatic, ideas, which were at the root of mediæval society, lived again within him with the strange glow and vividness of an after-summer. These ideas, in so far as they were Catholic and mediæval, and not specifically Papal (for it must never be forgotten that the Hildebrands, Innocents, and Bonifaces were *innovators*), viewed the spiritual and temporal powers as co-ordinate forces, each sovereign in its own sphere, each deriving its sanction and authority from a divine source, and therefore each bound to respect the other's attributes as emanating like its own from the invisible God.

The Protestant theory, on the other hand, as it stereotyped itself in Germany, centralized the two powers in the temporal crown, and solved the difficulty of the monster with the two heads with which Boniface sought to establish the Pope's supremacy, by severing the spiritual head from the monstrous body.

It was against this Protestant theory that Frederick William IV.'s whole nature revolted. No sovereign, it is true, ever believed more devoutly in the divine nature of his own office than he did, but he believed no less devoutly in the divine sovereignty of the Church within the spiritual realm. Accordingly, the ecclesiastical supremacy, which his predecessors had all looked upon as one of the most precious jewels in their crown, appeared to him in the light of stolen property, and throughout his reign he was occupied, in reference to his Protestant establishment, with the idea of divesting his royal brow of the episcopal mitre which adorned it and creating a spiritual head, or heads, whereon to place it. His strange and abortive

attempt to inoculate the united Luthero-Calvinistic Church created by his father with Episcopatism by means of the co-operative Prusso-Anglican Bishopric of Jerusalem, will doubtless be within the recollection of our readers.

To a mind so attuned it is no wonder that the claims of the Roman Hierarchy presented themselves in a very different light from what they did to the strict Protestantism of Frederick William III., or to the scepticism of Frederick II., and his advent to the throne therefore gave an entirely new character to the relations between, the Hierarchy and the State. For it must be remembered that at the date of his accession (1840), Prussia was still an absolute monarchy of the strictest type, and that the general policy of the State was in a great measure determined by the personal convictions of the sovereign, especially in matters so undefined as those that came within the range of the ecclesiastical prerogative. When we add that his accession coincided with the first commencements of renewed Jesuit activity and influence in Germany, *i.e.*, of the renewed influence of an order powerless when measuring itself with the serious thought of a nation, but unrivalled in the political art of dealing on the one hand with the powers that be and with the masses on the other, we have said enough to explain how it was that when the Revolution of 1848 burst over Germany it found relations established in Prussia between the Roman Catholic Church and the government from which, in the chaos to which society had been reduced, the former was able to secure for itself a maximum of benefit.¹

¹ It must not, however, be supposed that Vaticanism in the latest style of Pius IX., and as represented by the *Correspondance de Genève*, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and Dr. Manning, was at that early period master of the situation in Prussia and Germany, or that the Bishops were all of them of the stamp of Droste at Cologne and Dunin at Posen. On the contrary, there was still a strong anti-Jesuit leaven in the German Catholic Church; and the enlightened political views of a Wessenberg, on the one hand, and the theological knowledge and exalted piety of a Sailer, on

The Revolution of 1848 was a convulsive effort to break the chains of political bondage which had been imposed on Germany by the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna. It was essentially a movement for the vindication of political liberty and of the liberties cognate to it, and that flow therefrom, and therefore it was only natural that for a brief season it should lend an irresistible force to every crude doctrine which during the preceding generations had been condemned to solitary confinement in the studies of political doctrinaires. One of the most popular of these liberal doctrines was that of the free Church in the free State, which accordingly, in a modified form, found its way first into the draft of the German Constitution voted by the Frankfort Assembly,¹ and afterwards, in a yet more undiluted shape, into the revised Prussian Constitution of 1850.² We remarked in our first article that this formula has been honoured with a special anathema, both by the Pope in the "Syllabus," and by Dr. Manning in his essay on "Cæsarism;" and it is clear that no doctrine could more effectually traverse the dogmas of the Bull *Unam Sanctam* than one which assigns equal rights to the spiritual master and to the temporal servant.

But the Roman Curia, though never giving up one jot or tittle of its princi-

ples or pretensions, has in practice often appreciated the value of the Greek maxim that the half is greater than the whole (*μῆζον τὸ ἡμῶν πᾶντος*) or, as the homely English phrase runs, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; but in doing so it has always kept in view that it is the size of the whole which determines that of the half, and it has never been guilty of exaggerated modesty in determining the proportions of the former. The State, as the abject slave of the Church—the Oriental mute bowing (*ad nutum sacerdotis*) to the nod of an arrogant master—is the whole claimed in theory, and as an ideal conception, by the Vatican. *The free Church in the unfree State* is the half towards the practical attainment of which all the modern efforts of the Curia have been unremittently directed.

The position secured in practice to the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia by §§ 15—18 of the Constitution of 1850 exactly answered to this description. We say in practice, for in theory those articles, comprehensive as they are, did not and could not abrogate the inalienable prerogative of the State to protect itself against the abuse of ecclesiastical independence: a prerogative known in the phraseology of German public law as the right of supreme supervision (*Jus summe inspectionis*),

stitution runs as follows:—"Every Religious Society administers its own affairs, but remains subject to the general laws of the State."

² The paragraphs in the Revised Prussian Constitution of 1850 are as follows:—

"§ 15. The Evangelical and the Roman Catholic Church, as well as every other Religious Society, orders and administers its affairs independently, and remains in the possession and enjoyment of the establishments required for the purposes of its public worship, of education and of charity, as also of its endowments and funds."

"§ 18. The right of nomination, presentation, election, or confirmation, in connection with the appointment to ecclesiastical offices, in so far as it appertains to the State as such, and does not rest upon patronage or special legal titles, is abolished."

"This provision does not apply to the appointment of chaplains in the army or of spiritual persons in public institutions."

¹ The article in the Frankfort Draft of Con-

and which no lawyer, Catholic or Protestant, would ever have maintained had been cancelled by the provisions of the Constitution.¹

In practice, however, the Roman Catholic Church, that is to say, the Bishops, now obedient tools in the hands of the Curia, became the undisputed masters of the ground; and what good use they made of their time and of the opportunities afforded them is amply borne witness to by the vehemence of the present conflict.

They were free to do or to leave undone, as it seemed right in their own eyes, but the general declaration of the Church's emancipation having altered nothing in the positive treaty relations between it and the State, the latter remained bound by all the obligations into which it had entered, when still holding in its hands a minute and searching power of interference in the details of ecclesiastical government. It had to continue paying the stipulated endowments, to go on lending the secular arm for the enforcement of Church discipline or the payment of Church dues, and—what was yet of greater importance—it had, in all educational matters, to place its bureaucratic machinery and its constabulary force at the disposal of a priesthood whose avowed object it was to shelter the rising generation from the scorching rays of modern civilisation by

a revival on a large scale of mediæval obscurantism.

And all this it did, and did gladly, and of its own free will.

To explain this remarkable phenomenon as it ought to be explained would take us far beyond the limits of the space at our disposal. For to do so we should have to trace the diagnosis of that strange temper of reaction which prevailed during the period of lull between the popular Revolutions of 1848 and the political Revolutions which begin with the War of 1866: we should have to set forth how men's hearts failed within them for fear, how their imaginations were affected as by the outpouring of some great tribulation; we should have to show how rulers lost all confidence in the traditions of their craft and the ruled all faith in the realisation of their hopes; how, groping about in the dark, men clutched automatically at the nearest hand that met their own, and held fast thereby till returning daylight revealed the strange companionships and alliances which had thus been entered into under the cover of the night. We should have to note how to one body of men, alone amongst mankind, this general upheaving and universal disturbance furnished the element most congenial to them, and the best suited to carry out long-cherished schemes; how the State's necessity became the Church's opportunity, and how the depressed vital action of the temporal power was compensated by the heightened buoyancy and increased vitality of the spiritual power. In a word, we should have to explain how the revolution of 1848 became the portal through which the incomparably-disciplined regiments of Loyola began their triumphant march over the prostrate States of Europe, till their career, at the very moment that the air was filled with the peans of their Vatican victory, was suddenly and unexpectedly arrested by the creation of the German Empire.

We can do no more than touch the outskirts of this vast subject; but we cannot do so better than by quoting from a

¹ The *Jus summa inspectionis* is defined by the publicists as the *jus cognoscendi, cavendi, prohibendi*—i.e., the right of taking cognizance of what is going on in a Church or other Religious Society, and of adopting preventive and prohibitive measures in regard to such ecclesiastical acts as may be inconsistent with the welfare of the State.

Zöpl, a strict Roman Catholic publicist, in the fifth edition of his "*Grundsätze des allgemeinen und deutschen Staatsrechts*," published in 1863, and therefore thirteen years after the declaratory paragraphs of the Constitution of 1850 respecting the freedom of the Roman Catholic Church had become the law of the land, unhesitatingly invests the State with this right of supreme inspection.

We need hardly inquire what would be the fate of a Roman Catholic publicist who should publish such a doctrine now that the Bull *Unam Sanctam* has been dogmatized.

speech of Prince Bismarck's,¹ in which, with the outspoken bluntness which sometimes characterises the Chancellor's Parliamentary utterances, he describes how the Prussian State allied itself with the Catholic hierarchy, or, as he somewhat mildly puts it, concluded a truce with it, in order thereby to get an accession of strength to the cause of order.

"These paragraphs" (§§ 15-18), says the Chancellor, "were introduced into the Constitution at a time when the State required, or thought that it required, help, and believed that it would find this help by leaning on the Catholic Church. It was probably led to this belief by the fact that in the National Assembly of 1848 all the electoral districts with a preponderant Catholic population returned, I will not say royalist representatives, but certainly men who were the friends of order," *which was not the case in the evangelical districts.*" This frank confession from the mouth of one who, at the time of the alliance, was a shining light in the "party of order," affords us all the evidence we require to explain the true nature of the compact of which the paragraphs of the Constitution were only the formal record. For a compact, and not a mere truce, it undoubtedly was, and based, like all other compacts, on the principles of reciprocity and mutuality, of the "service pour service," of the "do ut des," of the "facio ut facias."

The State virtually said to the Church, "Spread Ultramontanist and obscurantism to your heart's content; we will aid

and abet you in so doing; but we require as an equivalent the return of Government candidates at the elections, and a fair prospect that the rising generation shall be brought up in the doctrine that 'quiescence is the first duty of the citizen.'"³

The changes in the political scenery of Europe are so rapid that it is difficult to realise that twenty years ago this was the Alpha and Omega of the political wisdom by which, with a few rare exceptions, the States of the Continent were governed. The facts upon which this monstrous alliance, known in the jargon of continental politics as the "solidarity of conservative interests," rested, are, however, far too real and persistent, and still play too important a part in the conflict we are describing, not to require careful investigation. They are fortunately of a plain and simple kind, and can be reduced to a very general formula, as follows:—Wherever in a modern European State, into which the apparatus of Constitutional Government has been suddenly introduced side by side with the old bureaucratic machinery, there is a Catholic population, the parish priest, to the exclusion of every other competitor, exercises as a necessary consequence of his office, a "chief power" over the school and over the ballot-box. In regard to the school he keeps his old position of a superior *employé*, and determines the moral and intellectual temperature and other physiological conditions of that elementary culture which so powerfully affects the growth and structure of the future citizen.

His qualifications as a central personage in the new business of electioneering are not less clearly marked out. He is the only educated, or quasi-educated, person who comes into daily contact with the raw material of the constituencies, whose professional avocation it is

³ "Ruhe ist die erste Bürger-Pflicht." This celebrated dictum, for whose authorship there were many candidates twenty years ago, and there are very few now, concisely sums up the prevailing sentiment of the so-called conservative party during the period of the reaction.

¹ Delivered in the Prussian Upper House on the 10th March, 1873, in the debate on the alteration of §§ 15-18 of the Prussian Constitution.

² The Chancellor might have added a reference to the celebrated Pastoral, in which Bishop Diepenbrock warned his diocesans against giving effect to the vote for refusing taxes, passed at the moment of its violent dissolution by the Constituent Assembly of 1848. The effect produced by this episcopal warning was immense, and was by no means confined to the diocese of Breslau, but extended to all the Catholics of Prussia. Justice compels us to admit that no corresponding Protestant Neptune was forthcoming at this critical moment to call to order the revolutionary Æolus.

to acquaint himself with the character, the habits, the hopes and fears, the passions for good or evil, of every individual elector, and of every individual elector's wife and family, and who for this purpose has at his command not only the vulgar facts of everyday life, but likewise the use of that marvellous engine for getting at the hidden ways of men, the Confessional.¹

Now it should be noted that this peculiar position of the Catholic priest in the Catholic parish, by virtue of which the parochial clergy become, as it were, the nerve centres, or ganglia, of the social and political units of which the State is built up, is not an accidental or temporary phenomenon, but a permanent and indelible fact, woven into the political texture of every Catholic society, and therefore under no conceivable theory of State supremacy, capable of being legislated away.

It should be further noted that these social and political ganglia stand in no organic connection with the great nerve centres of the State or the nation, but in structural unity with the nerve system of an ecclesiastical body in its nature cosmopolitan and so far anti-national. The important fact to be noted, therefore, is that the parochial clergy, though in an especial manner representing the social and political life of the Catholic community, are shut off from all direct and immediate contact with the State, and only indirectly and mediately come within the sphere of its influence through the Episcopacy. In a word, the relation of the parish priest to the State, and with it that of the school teaching force and of a large proportion of the electorate, is determined by the attitude of his bishop to the powers that be.

"The clergy of my diocese," lately said a French bishop, thereby giving expression

to a universal fact, "is a regiment which marches or halts as I give the word of command." Hence if a government can secure the co-operation of the Episcopacy it disposes of as many regiments as there are dioceses in the country which it governs; if, on the contrary, the Episcopacy is in opposition to the government these same regiments are in a state of open or secret mutiny.

When we have once realised these two cardinal facts: the preponderant position of the priest in his parish, and his military subordination to his bishop, we have the necessary clue to the phenomena with which we are dealing.

The net result of the Revolution of 1848 as regards Prussia was, in theory, to substitute a constitutional for an absolute form of government; in practice, clumsily to attach an hereditary and a Representative Chamber to the old bureaucratic apparatus of a State which for generations had been governed autocratically according to the rules of the *raison d'état*.

The men who remained at the head of affairs when the revolutionary flood subsided were certainly no friends of constitutional government. Impotent, however, to return to the *status quo ante*, they had to accommodate themselves as best they could to the new institutions. It was as if a railway system had been introduced overnight, and the locomotives been intrusted to the grumbling stage-coachmen who had been dispossessed of their former teams.

To pack the Representative Chamber with Government supporters was the object which had to be attained, but as yet the electioneering gear required for this purpose was wanting. It was only later that the French models were successfully copied, that the old Prussian Landrath was metamorphosed into a *préfet*, and the system of official candidatures carried through on a large scale. On the other hand, the opposition, in which was included, pell-mell and in chaotic confusion, every shade of liberalism, from the mild whiggery of a Vincke to the republicanism of a Jacobi, was equally destitute of effectual organisation. The

¹ One of the very worst features of the conflict on the Vatican side is the unscrupulous use made of the Confessional for political purposes. As one of many instances of this use we may cite the refusal of Absolution to persons who take in liberal newspapers, or who omit to subscribe to the Ultramontane press.

two powers that faced each other with glaring eyes and angry hearts, had but too lately appealed to the *ultima ratio* of their respective sides, revolution on the one hand, *coups d'état* on the other, to have ready to their use the more normal instruments of political strife. Between them, however, therestood a neutral party uninfluenced by the passions which inflamed the rival champions, indifferent to the objects either had in view, but with a definite goal of their own before them, to be attained by whatever means promised to be the most efficient. To men filled with so lofty an ideal as the establishment of the supremacy of the Church over mankind, and working with such a plenitude of real power as that afforded by the military organisation of the Roman Curia, absolutism or democracy, constitutionalism or plebiscitism, barricades or dragonades are alike indifferent, and become important only in so far as the one or the other leads them by a shorter road to the realisation of their ideals.

Now it was this neutral party which, as shown above, had at its disposal a ready-made electioneering machinery, unrivalled in the perfection of its organisation. That in 1850 it was the interest of the Ultramontanes to ally themselves with the so-called party of order, and to make common cause with them against the Revolution requires no demonstration. The Temporal Power still existed—the maintenance of that power was then, as its recovery is now, the cardinal doctrine of the Ultramontane faith, and the Pope's interests, therefore, as a temporal sovereign, were identical with those of all other Continental sovereigns. It was the loss of the Temporal Power which developed Ultramontane Sansculottism.

What were the practical results in Prussia of this union and alliance will form at some future day an instructive chapter of history. The German people, amidst the joys of their national resurrection and the glories of their late military exploits, have other things to talk about and write about than the Diocletian persecution (we quote a

favourite Ultramontane phrase) of the Liberal party during the period of reaction. But the connection between the present conflict and the circumstances connected with that persecution cannot be ignored if we desire to find the clue to the bitterness which is unfortunately animating the Liberal, National, and Protestant population of Germany against their fellow-citizens of the Vatican persuasion.

In the quotation above given from Prince Bismarck's speech, he pointedly observes not only that the elections in the Catholic districts returned loyal representatives, but that the Protestant constituencies did not do so. This invidious comparison between Catholic loyalty and Protestant disloyalty influenced the whole policy of the reaction, and in a country with a preponderant Protestant population, and whose political momentum and *raison d'être* are essentially Protestant, naturally elicited keen resentment. In those evil days all political shades of opinion were massed into two great groups answering to the colours of Prussian heraldry—the black sheep and the white sheep. The white sheep were those who regarded "quiescence as the first duty of the citizen;" the black sheep, those who believed that onward movement was a condition of political existence—the quietists and the unquietists; the "gut gesinnt" and the "schlecht gesinnt;" the "well-minded" and the "evil-minded." In the white flock, the Roman Catholic hierarchy occupied the prominent position of bell-wethers. Is it to be wondered at that the black sheep (since whitewashed), who have now the upper hand, should remember this pre-eminence and all that it implied, and that the fact that the period of the Church's emancipation coincided with that of social muzzles and political handcuffs, should have remained indelibly impressed on the consciousness of Prussian Protestants?

Before leaving this subject we must refer to a bureaucratic detail which it is important to notice in order to understand how the principle of the free

Church in the unfree State was practically carried out.

Nothing could be more unimportant in appearance than the readjustment of machinery required to carry out the change, yet nothing could in reality represent a more complete break with the traditions and *raison d'être* of the Prussian administrative system. It consisted merely in this: that in lieu of the former undenominational treatment of the complex business that came within the province of the Ministry for Public Worship and Education, that office was partitioned off into two denominational departments—one Catholic, the other Protestant—each complete within itself and walled off from the other.¹

To understand the full bearings of this innovation we must remark that all official business in Prussia is carried on by means of boards, the members of which represent sections of the public service, and vote by majority. Whatever the practical disadvantages of such a system, the idea lying at the bottom of it is in so far sound that it endeavours to do justice to the many-sidedness of the functions of the State, whilst maintaining the concrete unity of the latter. But of course everything depends on the principle upon which the sections are categorised. It was the pride of the old Prussian bureaucracy that, taken in its entirety, it embodied a high ideal of the State as a supremely rational organism standing outside the sphere of classes, parties, and creeds, and above the passions and prejudices of individuals or corporations; that it absorbed into itself all the vital forces of the body politic, and redistributed them systematically according to the principles of right reason; and lastly,

that the parts of which it was composed answered to this conception, and represented interdependent organic functions which found their point of union and their common principle of action in this higher ideal.

Now it is clear that an *imperium* of this nature admits of no *sub-imperium* within it, and that to graft upon such a system a denominational element, and that one endowed with such exceptional vitality as the Roman Catholic, was a revolution necessarily leading to the disintegration of the administrative organisation itself, or, as actually happened, to a violent rebound.

Should any of our readers desire to obtain a clear idea of the way in which ecclesiastical questions used to be treated before the introduction of the new system, we would refer them to the account given by Otto Mejer² of the manner in which the instructions for Niebuhr's negotiation of the Bull of Circumscription were drawn up in the Berlin bureaux. They would there see that there was not one sentence of those instructions but was submitted to the most searching examination, and, as the case might be, corrected or approved by every conceivable department—financial, judicial, ecclesiastical, educational, and what not—until the document with all its inclosures was finally approved by the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Public Worship, revised by the chancellor, and lastly submitted to the king's sanction. Amongst the innumerable "Räthe,"³ through whose hands it passes, there is only one specifically Catholic "Rath," whose clearly-defined business it is to see that no canonical impossibilities are asked for, and no canonical blunders are committed. In a word, the work emanates from the

¹ The creation of the Catholic Department goes back to an earlier date than 1850; it was one of the concessions, like the giving up of the Placet, made by Frederick William IV. to the Curia "de gaieté de cœur" in the anti-revolutionary period, but its specific character as an organ of the Church in the State, instead of an organ of the State in the Church, was only developed after the emancipation of the Church by the constitution of 1850.

² "Zur Geschichte der römisch-deutschen Frage," von Dr. Otto Mejer. Rostock. 1873.

³ We have left the German word, as the English equivalent, "councillor," conveys no sort of image of that ubiquitous and all-important unit of German social and political life the "Rath" in all his varieties, from the humble "Commerzienrath" upwards to that cynosure of official eyes the "wirkliche Geheimrath."

State as an undenominational whole, and during the elaborate process to which it has been submitted there is but one point of contact between the State machine and the Catholic establishment, and that a technical point and the pointsman a subordinate *employé*. If we compare this picture with the state of things established by the creation of the Catholic department (the "Catholische Abtheilung" of which we heard so much during the late discussions of the Prussian Parliament), we shall see that no contrast could be greater.

The Catholic department consisted of a board composed of Catholic "Räthe," and presided over by a Catholic president, into whose hands flowed every particle of business connected either with the Catholic Church, or with Catholic education. It stood in the closest relations on the one side with the Episcopacy, and on the other with the parochial clergy, with ecclesiastical institutions of all kinds, and with every Catholic educational establishment, from the faculties of theology at the great Universities to the humblest parish school. Its only point of contact with the State, in the old Prussian undenominational acceptance of the term, was the person of the Minister for Public Worship and Education, who was the responsible chief of the two departments into which his Ministry was divided, and, as such, the superior officer of the head of the Catholic department. But during the palmy days of the reaction, and whilst the alliance was in full vigour, the Minister's functions consisted of little more than signing. For all practical purposes, both of policy and detail, the head of the Catholic department administered on Catholic, *i.e.*, Ultramontane principles, the ecclesiastical and educational affairs of Catholic Prussia.

And so there came to pass this wonderful thing—that in the monarchy of Frederick the Great, and in the land of the Allgemeines Landrecht, one of the most important departments of the State was almost as much in the hands of the

Curia as if its offices had been situated amongst the arabesques of Raffaele in a wing of the Vatican.

"For a number of years," says Prince Bismarck, in the speech above alluded to, "there undoubtedly was peace. But this peace was purchased by the uninterrupted compliance of the State, which had unreservedly made over its rights over the Catholic Church into the hands of a department originally created with a view to defend the rights of the Prussian Crown against the Catholic Church, but which became in reality a department in the service of the Pope for the defence of the rights of the Church against the Prussian State."

We must, however, hurry on to the catastrophe of the Council.

In doing so we regret that our space precludes us from treating of what might be termed the foreign relations of Prussia with the Vatican, all important as those relations are to the due comprehension of the internal phases of the conflict. We can therefore only beg our readers to bear in mind the great transformation scene of the year 1866, and to think out for themselves how it affected the religious and political configuration of Europe.

As regards our own particular subject, we must briefly note the following facts:—

By suddenly and unexpectedly launching Prussia into the waters of the "grande politique" M. de Bismarck broke once for all, though his party did not fully realize this at the time, with the principle of the "solidarity of Conservative interests." Up to 1866, the men in power at Berlin had been the special representatives of that principle, and the columns of their great and powerful organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung*, had vied with the *Civiltà Cattolica* and the "Syllabus" in anathemas against the ideas of modern society, and in special curses on Victor Emanuel and the Piedmontese Government as the representatives of Antichrist. By allying himself with Antichrist, and with his assistance driving Austria, and with Austria the mainstay of the Curia, out of Germany,

M. de Bismarck very effectually destroyed the basis of the alliance entered into in 1850; and, if history condescended to be logical, the break with the Curia, and, as a natural consequence, with the Prussian Episcopacy, would have taken place in 1866 instead of 1871. But history is not logical, and still less logical are the "Realpolitiker,"—realistic in contradistinction to idealistic politicians—of the stamp of Prince Bismarck. Far from allowing his relations with the Curia to cool or his alliance with the Episcopacy to become less intimate, it is the "Secret de Polichinelle" that he redoubled his attentions to the former, and that only a few weeks after the battle of Sadowa he made overtures to the Pope expressive of his readiness to receive a Nuncio at Berlin—overtures rejected by his Holiness. Prussia virtually said to Rome: "I have been forced by political necessities to break the arm on which you have hitherto leant; here is my own to lean upon." It was also in the year 1866 that the celebrated Dr. Krätzig, an Ultramontane of the Ultramontanes, a Vaticanist from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, was appointed President of the Catholic department, and that the latter reached the climax of its activity as a Pontifical organ.

Now this policy was so clearly marked out by the political exigencies of the situation that the silly stories put about by Vaticanists respecting a deeply laid conspiracy against the Roman Church dating back to 1866, and of which Dr. Manning has condescended to make himself the mouthpiece in England, are simply absurd.¹

¹ The following is an extract from a letter addressed by Dr. Manning to the *Times* of the 11th of last December:—

"I have received from many sources in Germany repeated assurance that the intention to legislate in a sense hostile to the Catholic Church dates back to the time of the war between Prussia and Austria," i.e. to the time when M. de Bismarck required more than at any former crisis of his political career the support of the Conservative party, and when it was the most necessary for him to conciliate the specially Catholic portion of that party, and to impress upon them the belief that the

However much M. de Bismarck had broken with the principle of Conservative solidarity he had not broken with the Conservative party at his back, and we have seen how important an element in that party was the Catholic hierarchy. But there was yet another reason which made it more than ever necessary for him to conciliate the Catholics. The unity of Germany had only been effected as far as the line of the Main; southern Germany including Bavaria (the representative Catholic State of Germany), remained out in the cold, detached from Austria, yet not

exclusion of Austria from Germany would not be injurious to their interests!

"The execution of this purpose was suspended because of that war."

How this purpose could date back to the war and yet be suspended by the war is not quite clear.

"It was afterwards again postponed because of the impending conflict with France. After the overthrow of France, the political parties and secret societies, which had exacted of the Government, as a condition of their support, the breaking up of the religious status of the Catholic Church in Germany, demanded fulfilment of the compact. The Vatican Council was put forward as a pretext, and the protection of the 'Old Catholic' heresy was taken up as an excuse."

The notion that the mobilisation of the Prussian army in the thirteen days which elapsed after the French declaration of war, and the outpour of the German legions into France within three weeks of that date, required as a preliminary the conclusion of a compact for the overthrow of the Catholic Church with the secret societies of Germany, by which Dr. Manning means the phillistine, beer-drinking, masonic lodges of Germany, is so exquisitely ludicrous as to deserve notice if only on that ground. But the fact that such a statement as this should be put forward by so eminent a man as Dr. Manning in such a paper as the *Times*, is far otherwise important as showing the kind of unreal legendary world in which the ablest of the great Vatican dignitaries live and move and have their being. Truly Vaticanism can boast that it is not of *this* world, but then it should abstain from cosmopolitan legislation. The Lاپutans, as far as we remember, did not pretend to make laws for the inhabitants of earth. Lastly, this specimen of Vatican criticism as applied to contemporary history, gives us an interesting insight into the kind of historical knowledge possessed by the persons more immediately concerned in the drawing up of the Vatican decrees.

united to the Northern Confederation. To reunite the South with the North was the next move to be made on the political chessboard. For such a purpose could a more suicidal policy be conceived than one which, like a break with the Curia, would have united Prussian Catholics with Bavarian Catholics against the Prussian Cabinet?

It is quite possible that Prince, or rather Count Bismarck, as he was then, may have foreseen that the German Empire once completed, the preponderant Protestant force of such a body would lead to a rupture with Rome, but realistic politicians as a rule do not concern themselves with such distant speculations, and all we care to note is that nothing transpired at the time, or has transpired since, which should lead us to believe that between 1866 and 1871 Count Bismarck was otherwise than sincere in his desire to be well with Rome. But we will go yet further, and express our opinion that the Prussian Government showed a singular blindness to the forces really at work in the Catholic world, and was guilty of a glaring want of prevision in taking no steps to guard against the dangers which under every conceivable combination of circumstances threatened Germany from the success of the Vatican Council.

When the summonses to the Council were issued, everybody, excepting perhaps the Bishops, knew what were the objects which the Curia would endeavour to attain, and everybody ought to have known what dangers threatened the relations between Church and State should those objects be attained. It was equally evident that if the Council once met and passed the decrees, there was no power on earth that could untie the knots that would be then tied, but that *preventive measures* were perfectly feasible.

With the Catholic Department as responsible advisers of the Prussian Crown on ecclesiastical matters, it was perhaps too much to ask of the Prussian Cabinet that it should be well informed on these points. But there was one Government in Germany which saw the

danger in its true colours and the way to avoid it; and we cannot acquit the Prussian Government of unpardonable carelessness in not following the lead and backing up the proposals of Prince Hohenlohe, the Bavarian Premier.

Prince Hohenlohe's circular is dated the 9th of April, 1869, *i.e.*, eight months before the meeting of the council. It states that the Bavarian Government have good reason to know that the principal object which the Curia proposes to attain by summoning the council is the dogmatisation of the "Syllabus" and of the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and it points out the dangers which threaten the relations between Church and State should this object be attained. To guard against these dangers, it suggests that the Governments of Europe should at once take some joint step to give the Curia *previous warning* of the attitude they mean to observe towards the Council. In other words, the Bavarian Government propose that the representatives of the temporal powers, should in view of a common danger, take *preventive measures* in common, at a time when the Bishops, not having yet assembled, were still amenable to the influence of their respective Governments. To leave no doubt as to the manner in which the relations of Church and State would be affected by the dogmatisation of the doctrines aforesaid, Prince Hohenlohe submitted five questions on the subject to the Faculties of Theology and Law at the University of Munich, and, we presume, communicated the answers of these experts (which, when read at the present day, seem endowed with the spirit of prophecy) to the Governments to whom he had addressed his circular.]

The diplomatic superciliousness with which the Bavarian proposal, suggesting as it did the only sane and just¹ and

¹ We say "just and fair," because to allow subordinates (and Bishops are subordinates of the State, both generally as subjects, and, where the Roman Catholic Church is established, as in Germany, specifically as Bishops) to commit what you deem a crime, when it lies in your power, and yours only, to prevent it, and then, afterwards, when, owing to your

fair way of meeting the danger, was received by the collective sagacity of Europe, affords a striking proof that the scanty wisdom with which the world is governed has not materially increased since the days of Oxenstierna.

In this year of grace, 1874, Parliaments and newspapers, from one end of Europe to another, are wailing and gnashing their teeth at the hopeless "impasse" created in the relations between Church and State by the Vatican Decrees; and when, five years ago, the exact nature of this "impasse" was explained to the Rulers of mankind, and a simple method of obviating it was suggested to them, all they could do was to smile in a more or less well-bred manner at the idea that the Government of a second-class Power, like Bavaria, should have any suggestions to make on a question of European importance.

It is true that, a year later, when the Council had been assembled for some months, and the predictions of Prince Hohenlohe were being rapidly fulfilled, the same statesmen who had refused "*de s'inquieter d'avance d'éventualités dont la réalisation est plus qu'incertaine,*" and to whom it seemed "*puéril de vouloir se prémunir contre des dangers dont l'existence n'est rien moins que prouvée,*"¹ became seriously alarmed, and took counsel together as to the measures which might yet avail to prevent the catastrophe. A few blank cartridges were accordingly fired over the heads of the assembled Bishops, with the sole result of affording to the Curia, now certain of success, the satisfaction of feeling that its Temporal rivals had accepted the issue of battle and been signally defeated.

Indeed, of all the episodes of the Council, we cannot conceive any which can have been more soothing to the pride, or more agreeably stimulating to the vanity, of the "Servant of servants" than the delivery of the French, Austrian

and North German notes in the early months of 1870. Had the representatives of the Temporal Power altogether ignored the Council, they would not only have been logical, but have had the satisfaction of inflicting considerable mortification on their Spiritual antagonist. To ignore it up to the last moment, then loudly to confess the magnitude of the danger, to take the field with beating drums and flying colours, and then to make just sufficient resistance to give brilliancy to the Papal victory, was a consummation exceeding the brightest hopes of the most sanguine Curialist.

On the 13th of July the decisive vote was taken. On that memorable day 451 guardians of the Christian fold and depositaries of the Christian faith, mostly reasonable men in the full enjoyment of their faculties, and belonging to the educated classes of the civilized world, by voting as they did virtually declared it to be their belief that the Maker and Creator of the universe had, eighteen centuries ago, revealed in Holy Scripture the astounding fact that the Roman Pope, when speaking *ex cathedra*, i.e., at any time that it might suit him to address his observations *Orbi et Urbi*, became, in a literal and anatomical sense, the outward and visible mouthpiece and articulatory mechanism of the Holy Ghost; and that in such wise, that the words by him spoken, even if they contradicted the received opinions of the entire Church, became binding as a matter of faith, and at the peril of the soul's salvation, on the conscience of every one of the 180 millions of individuals who compose St. Peter's flock, or indeed of every baptized person throughout the world. They further virtually asserted that this doctrine was not only contained in Holy Scripture, but that it had been handed down by a continuous and uninterrupted tradition from the date of its original revelation until now, and that it had been held universally, at all times and in all seasons, by the whole of Christ's Church visible here on earth.

The doctrine, thus stripped of the grave-clothes of barbarous Latinity in

abstention from interference, the crime has been committed, to turn round and try, condemn, and punish the subordinates is, at least, as regards the latter, neither just nor fair.

¹ Count Beust to the Austrian Ambassador at the Vatican, October 23, 1869.

which it lies buried from the sight of vulgar eyes, and exhibited in the nakedness of a modern European dialect, involuntarily reminds us of Macbeth's words—"a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Only the misfortune is that although totally destitute of all rational significance the tale with its sound and fury, sanctioned as it now is by the solemn authority of an Œcumenical Council (an authority more solemn than we Protestants can form an adequate conception of) is full of the gravest significance. For it has not only irrevocably committed an immense portion of mankind to an inconceivably degrading form of Pagan Caesar-worship,¹ and once for all poisoned those living waters of the Christian faith which the staunchest Roman Catholics had hitherto held to be the common inheritance of Christendom and incapable of being tampered with—but has, wherever two or three

Roman Catholics are gathered together, sown the seeds of a conflict between the Spiritual Power and the Temporal Power which sooner or later will have to be fought out to the bitter end.

We can, however, leave the decree respecting the Pope's infallibility, to take care of itself. It is more necessary for us to examine the one "*de vi et ratione primatus Romani pontificis*" defining the infallible Pope's powers and prerogatives, because for practical purposes, and in regard to its immediate consequences, it is of far greater importance than the former. For it is evident that after the Pope had been infallibilized the question of paramount interest arose as to the use to which he would put his infallibility. He might, like his "good brother" the Mikado of Japan, use his spiritual authority to extend the franchises of his people and to confer upon them constitutional rights and privileges which they had not before possessed, and which could not be conferred without divine sanction of an extraordinary kind; or, on the contrary, he might infallibly deprive them of all such franchises and rights as they had hitherto possessed. The third chapter in the "*Constitutio Dogmatica Prima de Ecclesiâ*" answers this question. By it the entire structure and constitution of the Roman Catholic Church is changed from the foundations upwards; and there is substituted, for a Monarchy founded on law, in which some attempt at least is made to separate the legislative from the executive functions, and to respect corporate rights and privileges, an autocracy based on the personal servitude of every individual, and the unconditional submission of every corporation, from the national synod down to the village vestry throughout the length and breadth of the "Orbis" and the "Urbs."

"We teach and declare," thus runs this marvellous Bill of Papal rights, "that the Roman Church (*i.e.*, the Pope), God having so ordained it, wields a *potestas ordinaria* over all other Churches, and that this jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff over the Churches is (within each Church and each Diocese) in very truth an epis-

¹ If this expression should appear too strong to any of our readers, we would invite them to procure the photograph (publicly exhibited for sale in Roman shop windows) of a picture painted in 1870 in commemoration of the Vatican decrees. It represents Pius IX. seated on a throne which rests upon a rock, at a considerable elevation from the ground. Round this rock are five female figures, in somewhat operatic costumes, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, all of them in attitudes of prostrate or ecstatic adoration, and one of them burning incense. Immediately over the Pope's head is the Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove, as in the pictures of the Baptism in Jordan. A little way above, in the clouds, but totally hidden by the intercepting figure of the Pope from the sight of the worshippers, are three figures representing God the Father supported on the right by the Virgin Mary, and on the left by St. Peter!

Now we cannot believe that any picture which should, in the first century of our era, have been painted to represent the sacrificial rites performed before the altars of the divine Augustus, could have conveyed in a cruder and more realistic form the idea of idolatrous worship than this careful masterpiece of Jesuit art. The absence of the Second Person of the Trinity from the picture, with the evident intention of heightening the intercessory character of the Pope, and of keeping the Vicarious character of his office out of sight, is perhaps the most remarkable feature of a composition which, if sold in Holywell Street, would probably be indicted by the police as a blasphemous caricature.

episcopal jurisdiction in its nature 'immediate': further, that the clergy and laity (*pastores atque fideles*) of every rite and every dignity (i.e., as regards the Churches, inclusive of the United Greek and other Oriental Churches, which till 1870 had enjoyed very large and well-defined privileges and exemptions, and as regards the laity, inclusive of emperors and kings and men of all degrees) are one and all severally and corporatively riveted by the duty of hierarchic subordination and true obedience to the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff aforesaid, not only in all matters appertaining to faith and morals, but also in regard to such matters as have reference to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the world."

We have no space to do more than just point to the portentous change brought about in the constitution of the Church by these few adamant sentences, premising that the terms "ordinary authority" (*ordinaria potestas*) and "immediate authority" are opposed, in ecclesiastical phraseology, to *delegated* authority and *mediate*, or, as we should say, *indirect* authority. According to the universal theory of the Apostolic Church, the unit of ecclesiastical authority is the Bishop. Even the papal Doctors, undoubtedly fertile as their imagination has proved itself to be, have been unable to get beyond this conception; and in their endeavours in pre-Vatican times to lift the Roman See to a meteoric position between heaven and earth, they could do no more than imagine a Bishop of superhuman proportions and cyclopean size, a potentialized bishop as it were, or a Bishop of bishops. For, according to the theory aforesaid, the episcopal office is not a mechanical structure of human invention, but a living organism divinely conceived. The Bishop, by the laying on of hands, receives his sacred powers, not as a delegation, but as a germ endued with the principles of its own proper life, directly and in uninterrupted succession from the apostolic founders of the Church. It follows as a necessary consequence that his authority and jurisdiction over the Christian flock are "ordinary" and "immediate,"

to the exclusion of any other *ordinaria* or *immediata potestas*. They are as the flower and the fruit spiritually developed out of the office itself. The bishop therefore can delegate his functions to another, he cannot co-ordinate another in his bishopric. A plant may be made to feed with its sap the flower and the fruit of another plant engrafted upon it, but it cannot be made to alter its own structural conditions or the laws of its own nature; this nature is one and indivisible; and so with the episcopal office: it is one and indivisible. As well imagine two souls inhabiting one body as two bishops co-ordinated in one bishopric.

Now it is with this episcopal authority in its fullest sense, as a *potestas ordinaria*, and therefore not *delegata*, *immediata*, and therefore not *mediata*, that the Roman Pontiff has been invested by the Vatican decrees in every diocese of Christendom, and thus, in Dr. Manning's "*chiesa tutta nuova*," the difficulty of the two souls in one body has been got rid of by the simple process of expunging all lives save one. The universal bishopric of one supreme Pontiff has been substituted for those which for eighteen centuries have been distributed throughout the world. The Roman See, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed up all other Sees, and the Bishops, whilst retaining their names "*honoris causa*," and as titles of dignity, have been degraded to Pontifical Delegates, bound by the chains of a blind and implicit obedience to the will of an absolute master. In a far truer sense than Louis XIV. could say it of the State, the Pope may boast that "*L'église c'est moi*."

Once before in history a corporation, holding in trust the government and the liberties of a whole world, surrendered of its own free will this government and these liberties into the keeping of one man, and immediately afterwards deified him as if, in the fumes of the rising incense, to stifle the thought that it was even to such a one as themselves that they had sacrificed their freedom.

Is the parallel altogether fortuitous, or is there not a subtle connection, besides the mere local one, between the surrender by the Roman Senate of the rights and liberties of the Roman people into the hands of Augustus, and the surrender by the Vatican Council of the rights and liberties of the Roman Church into the hands of Pius IX.?

Should any one think that we have painted the pre-Vatican constitution of the Roman Catholic Church in too favourable colours, and maintain that what we have asserted would only apply to the former condition of the Gallican Church, we would refer him to the declarations made by the Irish Bishops and the English Vicars-Apostolic in the year 1826, quoted in our first article. These declarations were made in the sight of Europe by Bishops nominated by the Pope and by Vicars-Apostolic, *i.e.*, revocable nominees of the Roman Pontiff, and therefore men who had not even the status of the representatives of a National Church. They were never contradicted by Rome, which thus tacitly admitted that it was on the basis of the constitution described in these declarations, that the Catholics of the United Kingdom were emancipated; and, morally at least, entered into a bilateral engagement with the British nation. But if this should not be deemed sufficient proof, we commend to our readers the evidence of these same Bishops before Parliament in the preceding year, from which we get an authoritative description of a non-Vatican Church with which the State might live on terms of the most perfect peace and good will. In this Church the Pope exercises executive functions only. He has to enforce, not to make, the laws. The laws themselves are made by General Councils. But even these laws have no binding force unless received and approved by the National Synods. Outside the laws so approved the Bishops are the judges whether the Papal Bulls are to be obeyed or not. Their allegiance to the civil power is whole and entire. The Pope has no power, direct, or indirect, in civil matters, and any attempt on his part to

encroach thereon the Bishops are bound to resist by every means in their power, even by the use of their Spiritual authority over their flocks.

And now to sum up. By the decree defining the Pope's infallibility the *Ecclesia congregata*, *i.e.*, the Bishops in their corporate capacity, were deprived of their legislative functions. By the decree defining the Pope's power and authority, the *Ecclesia dispersa*, *i.e.*, the Bishops in their individual capacity, were deprived of their episcopal rights.

Thus, after three centuries of incessant labour, was realized for the whole of the Church militant that marvellous ideal of will-less obedience invented by the genius of Loyola for the discipline of the Pretorian Guards of that Church: the *vera obedientia*, according to which the individual human soul, in the keeping of its ecclesiastical master, is as the corpse in the hands of the young men that take it out to the burial, or as the staff in the hands of the old man that leans thereon.¹

The decree *De vi et ratione* was passed, with ninety dissentient voices, on the 11th; that *De infallibilitate*, with eighty-eight dissentients, on the 13th of July.

On the 18th of the same month the victory was proclaimed with all the pomp and circumstance befitting so august an occasion. There was no appearance of a supernatural dove, as some of the more sanguine Curialists had half predicted, but it is certain that a storm of thunder and lightning, a not altogether unusual occurrence in the month of July, broke over the dome of St. Peter's during the promulgation of the decrees. The organs of the Curia ascribed this storm to supernatural interference, and informed the faithful that the precedent, first established for these extraordinary occasions at the delivery of the Decalogue on Mount Sinai, had been carefully observed.

¹ Compare a very remarkable article on the Jesuit orders in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR, — The author of the article headed "Prussia and the Vatican," in your October number, believes that he has detected in me two faults—the one a want of "literary good faith;" the other a deviation from the definitions of the Vatican Council.

The gravity of these charges may be ascertained by the following samples of the author's accuracy:—

I. He quotes, without reference, and with evident misunderstanding, a Latin sentence of transparent meaning to all Catholics—" *Dominus Petro non solum universam Ecclesiam, sed etiam sæculum reliquit gubernandum.*"

He then says: "The Pope is the Vicar of Christ; the temporal sovereign is the Vicar of the Pope."

To this I answer that Catholic theologians hold the three following principles:—

1. That the Pope is not the Lord of the whole world.

2. That the Pope is not the Lord even of the whole Christian world.

3. That the Pope has not any purely temporal jurisdiction over temporal princes by Divine right.

Therefore it is untrue to say that "the temporal sovereign is Vicar of the Pope."

II. Again, the author says that "the temporal prince derives his authority from the Pope."

But as S. Augustine would answer—" *Nemo potest dare quod non habet.*"

Therefore it is again untrue to say that the authority of the temporal prince is derived from the Pope. It is derived from God immediately to civil society, and *mediante societate* from God to the temporal prince.

III. The author says further that

by the Constitution *Unam Sanctam* all power is in the Pope as all light is in the sun; that the temporal prince has only a borrowed light; and a sword to be used "at the bidding" of the Pope.

I have affirmed, in the essay on "Caesarism and Ultramontanism"¹ that the doctrine of the *Unam Sanctam* is as follows:—

1. That there are in the world two powers, both ordained of God, the natural and the supernatural.

2. That of these two the supernatural is the higher.

3. That in its exercise the natural is limited and directed by the law of God.

Such is the doctrine stripped of all imagery of "swords" and "lights." But it is easier to cavil about words, images, metaphors, and figures, than to face facts and principles. Therefore if the author means by "bidding" of the Pope that the temporal prince is bound to wield the temporal sword in obedience to the law of God, he is right enough; but if by "bidding" he mean the caprice or human passion of the Pope, he shows that my words about common sense were not out of place.

IV. We now come to the Vatican Council. I hope the author has not read it; for it does not contain a syllable upon the subject. If he had made this assertion after reading it, I hardly know what to say about literary good faith. But he may mean that the Vatican Council, by defining the Infallibility of the Pope, has raised the *Unam Sanctam* to an *ex-cathedra* utterance. It was always so before. The Pope did not begin to be infallible in 1870; nor were Catholics free to deny his infallibility before that date. The denial of his infallibility had indeed never been condemned by a definition, because since

¹ Pp. 22, 23.

the rise of Gallicanism in 1682, no Ecumenical Council had ever been convened. But let us suppose the *Unam Sanctam* to be now binding upon Catholics. It is binding not in the interpretation of the author of "Prussia and the Vatican," but of the theologians of the Catholic Church: and that interpretation I have given above.

V. "Vaticanism" has indeed shown that between the Christian Church and States without Christianity the *modus vivendi* can only be found by an inflexible refusal to encourage and promote the dechristianizing of education, of literature, of legislation, and of the public and private life of men. If by "cursing modern society" the author means anything more, I must again invoke common sense, and perhaps literary good faith.

VI. But I now come to a matter more difficult of explanation. The author says that in certain articles in the *Contemporary Review* I have kept facts out of sight, and claimed "for Ultramontan-ism no other rights than those asserted by the Anglican Church and by English Nonconformist sects."

I am afraid the author has read those articles with no more care than he bestowed on reading the Vatican Council.

My argument, which was repeated to weariness, was this: "The limitation which has changed Caesarism into Christian monarchy is law, and that law the law of God, represented, expounded, and applied on earth by an authority of His own creation, and by judicial powers of His own delegation, independent of all human legislatures, and superior to all prerogatives of kings." "Now what I have here asserted is Ultramontan-ism, but it is not Ultramontan-ism alone—it is Christianity as it has been held by all men, in all ages, by Catholics and by Protestants alike, by Ultramontanes and by Gallicans, by Anglicans and by Presbyterians."¹

¹ "Caesarism and Ultramontan-ism," p. 41.

I see no "keeping back of facts" here. My assertion is this:—"Every Christian community claims to be independent of human authority in matter of conscience; and in deciding what is matter of conscience to be superior to all civil powers." In this I say, and say again, Anglicans and all Protestants who retain Christianity—for Erastians can hardly be called Protestants—are agreed. In this point Ultramontanes claim no more than Protestants and Anglicans. Where have I ever said that Ultramontanes in other things claim no more?

"All Ultramontanes make these claims." Will the author, therefore, convert the proposition and say—"All who make these claims are Ultramontanes?"

If he be an Oxford man he is not strong in his Aldrich.

VII. Finally, in a note the author quotes a passage from the *Civiltà Cattolica*, of the 18th March, 1871. Now I can find 20th March, 1871, but no 18th: and in the *Fascicolo*, 20 Marzo, I can find no such passage. I cannot deal with scraps torn from their context without reference, or with an inaccurate reference. But I can clearly see that the meaning here is as transparent to those who wish to see as in the author's anonymous Latin quotation. Of one thing, however, I am certain, that its sense is identical with the propositions I have here given from Catholic theologians; and that the author has neither proved a want of literary good faith nor any shade of variation between "Vatican-ism" and what is written at Westminster.

I remain, Sir,
Your faithful servant,

+ HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

² October 22, 1874.